

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE Civil Service Commission is reported not to be disturbed by the Attorney-General's opinion—nay, rather to be encouraged by it, as it shows, if correct, that the President has the power to do all that needs to be done, in the matter of reform, not only without the aid of Congress, but in spite of Congress; and that he can, as a correspondent of the *Nation* pointed out some weeks ago, impose on the heads of departments any rule of action he pleases, inasmuch as he can dismiss them if they disobey. The Commission proposes, therefore, it is said, to present the President with a set of rules for his own use; and it is to be presumed that, having received them, he will put them into operation. The commissioners—so we are led to believe by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, who is well-informed—believe that, if he now carries into effect a system of reform, even without the sanction of Congress, it will, in the course of four years, take such a strong hold on the public mind that no subsequent Administration will dare to dispense with it. We confess we are not very sanguine on this point. No President is ever likely to come into office under conditions more favorable to civil-service reform than General Grant. He knew perfectly well, and so did everybody, that he had the power of instituting such a reform to a considerable extent, and did not need the Attorney-General to tell him about it. Nevertheless, he has made no attempt at reform whatever, and has made some exceedingly bad appointments at points in which reform was most needed and easiest. He has done this under pressure from politicians, we admit; but what reason is there to believe that his successors will be any better able to resist this pressure than he? If the whole reform is to be, so to speak, moral rather than legal, it would seem desirable to have it backed up, at least, by some legislation directed against Congressmen, such as Mr. Trumbull has suggested. By the way, we trust the Commission will not overlook Mr. Trumbull's proposition, which, we believe, originated with ex-Secretary Cox, that postmasters should be elected by the people who use the post-office. This seems an excellent idea, and would relieve the Executive of a vast amount of pressure. There is, perhaps, no office which is in its nature better fitted to be filled by election.

The movement against Tammany has made considerable progress during the week. The consent of the Attorney-General, who, though a Tammany man, is evidently frightened by the storm, to appoint Charles O'Connor counsel to act for him in any legal proceedings he (Mr. O'Connor) may see fit to institute against the plunderers of the city treasury, and Mr. O'Connor's prompt acceptance, are amongst the most favorable signs. Mr. O'Connor at once associated Mr. Evarts with him, and opened a "municipal commission office" to receive charges and get up cases in; and has announced, in reply to a deputation offering him a nomination for the State Legislature, that something important would happen "within three days." What the something is, our readers will know before this reaches them, but most probably it is Tweed's arrest. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden has been in pursuit of this personage for some weeks, and Mr. Tilden is a very unpleasant person to have following one with hostile intent. He has been rummaging the Broadway Bank, where the Ring kept its account, and we believe it is not now indiscreet to say that he has probably lighted on proof that Tweed's share of all plunder was twenty-five per cent., and that this proportion of every "haul" was regularly deposited to his credit. In the meantime, the "Boss" himself addresses his constituents nearly every evening, and is sure of his re-election to the State Senate. He said in a recent speech that he had "always endeavored to do what

was right" and "to deal fairly between man and man." In conclusion, he said that "when he was in trouble, and desired their aid, he would call upon them, and when they were in trouble he desired them to call on him," a declaration which was received with "vociferous cheering."

There is great danger, however, that the various reform organizations, of which there are half a dozen in the field, will so mismanage matters as to give Tammany the victory at the polls after all. There are two Judges to be elected, for which the Reform Democrats have made excellent nominations, Judge Daly and Mr. George C. Barrett, and the "Custom-house Ruffians" have adopted them; but the "Tammany Thieves" (Republicans) hesitate over Mr. Barrett, and complain, through the *Tribune*, that if they do not get their fair share of what is going there will be trouble, and have adjourned without making nominations, but leaving a committee to watch the other organizations. The Ledwith Democrats have nominated their own chief, who, though an honest man, has no reputation as a lawyer whatever, for the Supreme Court, but have adopted Judge Daly for the Common Pleas. General Sigel seems to be a general favorite, we are glad to say, for the Registership. That position, involving the custody of the county records and deeds, is now held by an old ward politician, who formerly kept a low pot-house, and then reigned for a few years as a police justice, in which capacity he was known as the "Big Judge," owing to his enormous size. We heard him, towards the close of his judicial career, reject a petition from a culprit in the following terms: "Would ye hev me sully me reputation jist as I'm lavin' the binch?" We ought to add that we trust the honest men of all parties will not be misled by these various nominations for judicial offices, or forget that the badness of the judiciary is one great cause of our present troubles. There can be no question about Judge Daly's and Mr. Barrett's claims on the votes of all good citizens; there is question about those of all the other candidates as yet spoken of. Judge Daly has been on the bench for twenty-seven years, and has, through it all, enjoyed the confidence of everybody as an able lawyer and an upright judge. Mr. Barrett has been a member of the same court also for a short time, but resigned when the salaries were lower than they are now. He, also, is able, upright, and well known, and ought to be elected. It should be remembered, too, that the term of office is now fourteen years. We beg of all persons who have the interests not only of the city, but of civilized society at heart, and who desire to see the justice on which society rests administered without sale, denial, or delay, to look well, above all things, to their vote for their judges. No man should go to the polls in a cloud on this subject, and we trust that the Bar Association will speak out in time.

The greatest piece of railroad consolidation yet accomplished is now about to take place, under a decision of Chancellor Zabriskie, of New Jersey, vacating an injunction restraining the directors of the New Jersey and Camden & Amboy Railroads, and Delaware and Raritan Canal, from leasing their roads and canal for 999 years to the Pennsylvania Central. A late act of the New Jersey Legislature empowered them to do so, by a vote of the majority of the stockholders, the dissenting minority to be paid the full value of their stock. The minority, however, refused to be paid off, and filed a bill praying for a perpetual injunction. This the Chancellor has denied in an elaborate decision, in which he affirms the power of the Legislature to authorize the lease, of the directors to make it, and of the Pennsylvania Central to take it, and remits the discontented stockholders to the acceptance of payment for their shares, and discards as of no force in the eyes of the court the objections to the transaction on grounds of public policy—such as the size and strength of the monopoly it will create. The judgment is, perhaps, one of the most important ever pronounced from the American bench; and the New Jersey courts are above suspicion, even in cases of this magnitude. The Pennsylvania Central, already a gigantic corporation, now owns an unbroken line of communication, with numerous tributaries, from ocean to ocean, has the reve-

nues of a European kingdom of the third order, employs an army of officials, and will hereafter be practically omnipotent in the legislatures of three States, and perhaps more. The only limit to its political power may, indeed, be said to be the unwillingness of its managers to take trouble. The matter is serious, but it is not novel. It is made more serious by the fact to which we have often drawn attention, that these great corporations have in their service the ablest men in the country, while the State governments, which are to resist their pretensions and supervise their use of their privileges, are served by the feeblest and least efficient members of American society. The position of the companies is rendered all the more impregnable, too, by the practice which has grown up in many or most of the States, of keeping the ablest lawyers off the bench by low salaries, short terms, and personal abuse when they render unpalatable decisions. The legal mind and the legislative mind being of a low order, it is no wonder that the Tom Scott mind ranges untrammelled through the whole of American creation.

The present Government campaign against the Ku-klux of the seaboard, in which the United States Courts and the military act in unison, is producing at least two effects: it demonstrates the existence of the organization, and it brings a certain number of ruffians to justice—so far as the penitentiary and fines may be called justice in their case. Judge Bond has had the honor of presiding at these trials, and his conduct of them has been what we might have expected, firm, impartial, and reasonable. Certain leading Democrats of Raleigh, in a letter denouncing the Ku-klux outrages as crimes that “no right-minded men in North Carolina can palliate or deny,” and admitting it to be their duty to aid in suppressing them, besought Judge Bond, last month, to postpone further prosecution till the November term, in order that they might “enlist all law-loving citizens to make an energetic and effectual effort for the restoration of good order.” The Judge replied, with characteristic humor, that he was sure that the court’s sitting a week or two longer to help them would not cause the petitioners to remit their praiseworthy labors. Meantime, the field is being prepared in South Carolina, which has been made the object of two proclamations by the President, the first designating nine counties as the seat of continued disorder, which the courts and civil authorities were unable to overcome, and commanding the surrender of arms and disbanding of illegal organizations within five days; and the second declaring martial law, which has been followed by arrests similar to those in North Carolina. All this, as we have said, is very effective for the time being. But what will take place when the courts and the military have withdrawn from the scene of their temporary triumph?

The schooner *Horton*, of Gloucester, Mass., was seized by the Dominion authorities some time in July, and the owners, being dissatisfied with the slowness of the proceedings in the Admiralty Court, sent up a party of men to “cut her out,” as the men-of-war’s men say, and they did cut her out—that is, stole off with her, and brought her back to Gloucester, where they were received with illuminations, salute firing, and every other token of wild joy. This lawless act is undoubtedly the result, in great part, of the teachings of the unprincipled demagogue who represents the district in Congress. The schooner will have to be surrendered if the Canadian authorities ask for her, and, in the meantime, the Treasury has refused the cool request of the owners for fresh papers. Some of our journals recommend the Dominion Government to be “magnanimous,” and give her up. This might be a good thing for the Dominion to do, but it is an odd thing for us to recommend. Suppose the Canadians to be dissatisfied with the seizure of one of their vessels by Tom Murphy for a violation of what they consider our oppressive revenue laws and with the slowness of the District Court, and to run off with her in the night from the custody of the marshal; how should we treat a recommendation to be “magnanimous” and say no more about it?

The recuperative power of Chicago has not disappointed its admirers, nor, on the other hand, has any source from which it had a

right to expect aid failed it. The State Legislature, convened in special session, received a message from Governor Palmer, urging the need of rendering assistance to the burnt city, and discussing the constitutional difficulties in the way of replenishing the treasury for that purpose. The new constitution, it appears, forbids the contracting of any debt by the State in excess of \$250,000, unless in case of invasion or insurrection. The Governor argued that this limitation must be construed as merely an illustration of the kind of emergency which would justify incurring a greater than the fixed indebtedness; and as a tax would be too slow in its operation, he concluded that the Assembly would be justified in authorizing the issue of bonds. He suggested relieving the city of its lien on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which would, with interest, at once put it in possession of nearly three millions of dollars; and that, if further aid was deemed advisable, the State might reassume the care of roads, schools, and other public burdens over which it maintained its right of general control. Worse reasoning than this would doubtless have sufficed; and the Legislature promptly passed several measures of relief, including the Canal Lien Bill, so modified, however, as to embrace a State tax for the next two years, and an issue of State bonds to the amount of only \$250,000, thus saving the letter of the constitution as well as the spirit. This action has lent great encouragement to Chicago.

Want of space last week prevented our making mention of the remarkable public meeting in Philadelphia, on Friday, the 13th, to denounce the murder of Major Octavius V. Catto—a young and highly esteemed colored man, professor in a colored institute—in the election disturbances of the Tuesday previous. One would have to go South for a parallel instance of cold-blooded assassination, in which the police were abettors, two of them having released the murderer after he had been handed over to them, and a third, whose protection was besought by the victim, having answered him (as he himself testified on the stand), “Protect yourself; you have a pistol.” Doubtless it was the complete fraternization of the police force with the rioter—not then exhibited for the first time, but then most villainously—that specially roused the indignation of the citizens of Philadelphia who met in National Hall to do what they could to retrieve the sullied reputation of the city. It was a gathering of great numbers and eminent respectability, and, considering the occasion of it, even at this distance from the Emancipation Proclamation, almost epochal in its character. Among the speakers, both white and black, Colonel McClure struck the keynote when he said that it was not the mission of the meeting “to seize the murderer and execute hasty punishment,” but to invoke public sentiment against the spirit of caste which had induced this murder. This spirit has, as everybody knows, lingered longer in Philadelphia than in any other large city in the country; and, in fact, logically, there is but a single step from the exclusion of colored people from the horse-cars to the shooting of Major Catto. Remembering the class of persons who defended this exclusion, we fear that the election of a Republican city government and of a District-Attorney (who, for good reasons, ran behind his ticket) “praying to live, that he may show by his life the truth of his promise,” to give his fellow-citizens “peace and security,” is not going to do all that the meeting seemed to expect it would towards eradicating the vulgar prejudice against the negro. The meeting itself, as a sign of progress where progress was first needed, was worth many Republican mayors and policemen and district-attorneys.

“Civil-service reform,” Mr. Conkling said in his recent speech, “is urged upon us, and all agree that we need the best measures in this regard which wisdom can devise. It is a very difficult and complex subject, but by what right do our opponents clamor about it? etc.” We are greatly afraid that there is not a Democrat of them who could not “clamor about it” with nearly as good a grace as Mr. Conkling. There is something very entertaining about the way in which the souls of Republican politicians of Mr. Conkling’s stamp continue to be weighed down by the magni-



tude of the subject. Indeed, to hear them talk about it, one would imagine that no legislature could, in the existing state of human culture, hope to deal with it, and that the final stoppage of "rotating" and "decapitating" could only be looked for in the remote future from the "Parliament of Man" or some body of similar pretensions. This is the most hopeful view. Others put down civil-service reform in the category of the Unknown and Unknowable, as one of the things which finite minds cannot grasp or comprehend. They talk of it, to be sure, but as men talk of the Origin of Evil, of the Seat of Life, and the Descent of Man. Tom Murphy, for instance, when asked by the Congressional Committee last winter his opinion of Andrew Jackson's conduct in throwing the civil-service into the arena of party politics, declared "he could not go back intelligently to Jackson's time." No wonder if he and the like of him consider reform still countless eons distant, too remote to be discussed except in the vain speculations of poets and philosophers.

Probably no result of the Syracuse Convention surprised people more than the attack of the *Tribune* on Mr. Andrew D. White, the chairman. It was very bitter, and that its bitterness was deliberate and intentional has been shown by that journal's recent reply to a defence of Mr. White which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. We have not touched on the affair beyond mentioning the mere fact of the dissatisfaction of the minority with Mr. White's rulings, because it was very difficult to know what to say that would mend the matter either for Mr. White or anybody else. *Harper's Weekly* is quite right in laying great stress on Mr. White's character and antecedents as an answer to the *Tribune's* charges of unfairness. As to these, no man can stand higher. He took an active part in the politics of the State for some years before becoming President of Cornell University, and was the author or most active supporter of some of the best pieces of legislation of these latter years, and we believe nobody who ever heard of him did not consider his willingness to do political work, when so many men of his position were mere loungers in Europe, a piece of great good fortune for all of us. We all grumble so savagely or groan so pitifully over the unwillingness of educated men and men of fortune to touch politics, that certainly mere decency, if not gratitude, entitled Mr. White to warm support and encouragement. Everything in his career since he left the State Senate has certainly strengthened his claim on public regard. We did not approve of the San Domingo scheme, and did not estimate very highly the commissioners' report, but we did warmly approve of Mr. White's willingness to be a commissioner, because, whenever such offices are to be filled, we desire that such men as he, and not old political hacks and "war-horses" and "wheel-horses," should fill them; and we believe that his character is such that no charge of intentional unfairness or double-dealing is to be entertained against him, except on such proof as is hardly ever forthcoming in support of such charges, and is, in our opinion, not forthcoming in the present case.

We confess frankly, however, that when we saw that he had consented to be president of the Syracuse Convention, we felt satisfied that he would come to grief. In the present condition of the Republican party in this State, no man, no matter what his talents, character, or experience of politics, in the proper sense of the term, can successfully meddle between the two factions which divide it with the view either of reconciling them or holding the balance between them, unless he has personally mingled in their fights, and has personal knowledge of the strong and weak points of the warriors on both sides; and this for reasons we have given in another article. Moreover, Mr. White's speech, which was highly laudatory of the Administration, must have exasperated the Fentonites, seeing that the principal Federal office-holder in this city, the famous Tom Murphy of the Custom-house, is their deadliest foe, for whose scalp they may be said to have offered a reward. Finally, the State Committee, which, as we understand, in accordance with immemorial usage, furnished the President with the names of the committees, is also regarded by the Fentonites as an enemy and oppressor, and Mr. White's adoption of

its suggestions was in itself an offence to them, though the committees were never so fairly composed. Whether they were fairly composed, we do not take upon ourselves to say. We could not form a judgment on this question without studying deeply the character and watching closely the goings and comings of a body of men in this city for whom we entertain anything but feelings of respect. All this is about tantamount to saying that Mr. White made a mistake in trying to decide between them. There is no ground to base mediation on—their differences are *personal*, and not political. When Bob says Hank is a thief, and Hank says Bob is a perjurer, what could you do to reconcile them, except prove that Hank is honest and that Bob tells the truth? This being impossible, there is nothing for it but to let them fight it out.

The new treaty between France and Germany has been duly signed and exchanged. According to a somewhat obscure Cable despatch, the six departments to be evacuated by the Germans are, by the terms of the treaty, declared neutral territory in a military point of view until "the stipulated payments of the indemnity are completed, and may be reoccupied by the Germans should France fail to fulfil her financial obligations." This restrictive stipulation probably refers only to the payment of the fourth half-milliard, which is to take place within three months from the conclusion of the treaty; otherwise, we could hardly understand the "general satisfaction" which the ratification of the new arrangements has created in Versailles. The result of the late elections for the Councils-General seems to have been another cause of satisfaction to the Government, as the Moderate Republicans and Liberal Conservatives—among whom all the supporters of M. Thiers are to be found—have badly beaten the Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Radicals. Gambetta, who is himself among the defeated of the latter category, consoles himself and his party by the reflection that "the same elections have extinguished the hopes of those retrogradists who desired to see France recommitted to the Bonapartists, and have shown that the advocates of a monarchy under other dynasties are lukewarm." There are, however, indications that the Bonapartists themselves do not consider their hopes extinguished, so long as they can appeal to a general *plébiscite*, and continue to intrigue; and the Government is—or possibly feigns to be—so much alarmed as to issue orders to its commandants on the coast of France to keep a careful watch over all suspicious movements, and be prepared to defeat any descent that might be attempted. The Communists, on the other hand, have for the time ceased to appear threatening, and the prisoners taken on the capture of Paris are consequently discharged *en masse*.

The crisis in Cisleithan Austria is not yet over, and Francis Joseph continues to be led in his external and internal affairs by the advice of Chancellor Beust and Premier Hohenwart, respectively, in spite of the opposite tendencies of their avowed policies. Further developments are waited for with general anxiety. The momentary chaos is well reflected in the following plain statement of facts in the *Vienna Presse*:

"Briefly speaking, the situation in the various diets is this: In Lower Austria, protest against the [Emperor's] Bohemian rescript; Upper Austria, withdrawal of the Liberals, general opposition against the Eltramontane rump diet; Styria, protest against the Bohemian rescript; Carinthia, protest against the Bohemian rescript; Silesia, protest against the Bohemian rescript; Salzburg and Görz, indifference as yet; Trieste, declaration of the historical rights of the city; Bohemia, Czech rump diet, protest of the Germans against its legality; Moravia, Czech rump diet, protest of the Germans against its legality; Galicia, reported address of confidence by the [Polish] majority, decided vote of want of confidence by the Ruthenians; Bukowina, address of confidence by the majority, vote of want of confidence by the minority; Istria, conditional assent to the peace policy [Hohenwart's]; Dalmatia, Bocchese address of confidence, protest of the minority; Tyrol, address of confidence by the majority, reservation of rights by the Italians, vote of want of confidence by the Liberal minority; Vorarlberg, address of confidence by the majority, stubborn opposition of the minority, unanimous rejection of the Government's project of an election law."

But while this Babel exists in the Cisleithan division of the monarchy, the Transleithan or Hungarian, under the Andrassy Cabinet, continues to enjoy the benefits of a consistent policy and steady progress.

## SCIENCE AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

HUXLEY, in one of his "lay sermons," devoted to showing the influence of the growth of natural knowledge in improving the moral and physical condition of the race, supposes the first president of the Royal Society of London, which was founded just after the great fire of 1666, to revisit the earth once more, and pictures his surprise on learning that although London contains tenfold more inflammable matter than it did in his day, the rooms being filled with woodwork and light drapery, and every corner of the streets and houses with explosive and inflammable gases, it had never since then been burnt down, and that, owing to the invention of engines for throwing water, not even a street is ever destroyed by fire. This sermon was delivered in 1866. If Lord Brouncker had delayed his visit, however, five years, he would perhaps have found in the burning of Chicago some reason for doubting whether natural knowledge had done for the world all that the learned professor claims for it, either in the matter of preventing great conflagrations or of mitigating their consequences. For the growth of natural knowledge has had a double set of effects on human society. There is no question as to the enormous increase of comfort and security which it has wrought, and as to the influence it has had, through this comfort and security, in "altering our modes of thinking and our views of right and wrong." But it has enormously increased the area over which any great calamity is felt, at the same time that it has increased the area from which succor and sympathy are drawn.

A more striking example of this could not be desired than is furnished by the burning of Chicago. Chicago is, perhaps, more distinctively and peculiarly than any city which exists, or has ever existed, the product of "the growth of natural knowledge." All other great cities, whether of the New or Old World, have had their foundations laid by accident, and have owed their rise to slow accretions of population, brought to them in the course of ages by all sorts of agencies, political, social, and commercial. Wars, famines, invasions, revolutions, the aimless wanderings of exiles and malcontents, the flight of criminals, the fears or necessities of sailors, the needs of barbarous tribes, or the flow of great rivers and the temptation of rich soil, have combined to build up nearly all of them in the slow course of centuries. This may be said with more or less accuracy of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and Cincinnati, even, as well as of Rome, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, and Constantinople. Chicago, however, owes nothing, or next to nothing, to the past, and has no roots in human traditions or weaknesses. It is distinctly the product of steam-travelling and electrical communication, and is the work of a single generation. It was created for the express purpose of receiving and distributing the products of the Northwest, and was run up like a warehouse or factory. Without the railroad and telegraph it could not have been created, or, if it had been created, it would have been of no use. Its very existence, under all the circumstances, would probably surprise Lord Brouncker far more than the immunity of London from great fires. The invention of the fire engine is no doubt a great thing, but the creation of a city nearly as large as London at the time of the Great Fire, in the middle of a remote wilderness, within a period of forty years, is a far greater thing, even from the merely scientific point of view.

But, then, there is something about it even more wonderful than its creation, and illustrating still more remarkably the influence of scientific progress on human society. London, in Lord Brouncker's day, though a great political and commercial capital, had little or no relations except through what we should call a feeble and straggling commerce with the rest of the world. Had Chicago existed and been burnt down in his time, the news would have reached England probably in six or eight months by means of brief allusions in commercial or other private letters, and would have been talked of as we talk of the sack of Rome by Alaric or the storming of Constantinople by the Turks. It would have taken two months to get to New York or Boston, and the most charitably disposed man in either city would have speedily dismissed from his mind the little he knew about the calamity. Relief in the shape of stores he could not send for want of transportation, and, long before relief in money could get there, the sufferers would either be past help or able to do

without it, and so he would have jogged on his way more than ever satisfied that his concern was with the affairs of his own household and his own neighborhood. On the other hand, the disaster, commercially considered, would have been a disaster for hardly anybody but the inhabitants of the city. Nobody in New York or London or Berlin would have been touched in his pocket by it, or have felt his comfort affected by it. It would no more have threatened the exchanges of these cities with a panic than the burning of Yokohama five years ago. The effect of difficulty of communication in producing a sense of remoteness is one of the familiar facts of history; but the effect of the sense of remoteness in deadening and destroying the sentiment of human brotherhood is something which we only now begin to appreciate. There have occurred within a few years calamities far more terrible, as regards the resultant misery, than the fire of Chicago. Over a million of people have perished in India by famine within a single year since the close of our war, and, at this writing, vast districts of Persia are undergoing depopulation through the same agency. More horrible still, hordes of Turkomans from the great northern desert are riding on through the villages, and lancing or carrying into slavery the unhappy survivors. After making every allowance for the effect of difference of race and of civilization in creating the indifference with which we hear of all this, a large part of it must be attributed to simple distance both in time and in miles. If the railroad or the telegraph brought these awful scenes of suffering to our very doors, neither color nor creed could stop the flow of our sympathy or prevent our sympathy being really active.

It is not true, then, apparently, that the march of science has made the burning of large cities henceforth impossible. Under certain conditions of weather and material, in any modern city, fires may still break out which no machines yet invented can check. It would indeed appear, from the experience of Chicago, that when the fire attains a certain volume its power becomes something which no machine is ever likely to be able to check, and against which no habitable building can be made "proof." Moreover, when a city burns in our time, science carries the desolation over the civilized world. The terror which spread through the streets of Chicago was felt almost as acutely in the streets of New York and London. The flames which raged there threatened full as many homes elsewhere, homes in other cities, with desolation. It was not the savings of the people of Chicago only which were destroyed, but the savings of at least as many more who never came within a thousand miles of it, and with their savings nearly everything that made life sweet. There is something grand about this, but there is also something which everybody must, in his secret heart, find appalling. There is no place on the globe now to which a weary man can go for rest; no "boundless contiguity of shade" to which the storms that shake the busy world cannot find an entrance. The fortunes of the whole race are being so closely linked together by science that there is nobody, from the hod-carrier up to the millionaire, who may not any morning read in the paper news from the uttermost ends of the earth depriving him of his fortune or his daily bread.

On the other hand, while the citizens of London after the great fire, and the citizens of Lisbon after the great earthquake, were, like the famine-stricken Hindoos and Persians, left alone in their misery to battle as best they could with their sufferings and losses, Chicago, after spreading her losses over the civilized world, finds the civilized world come to her assistance. Nothing would probably have astonished Lord Brouncker more than to see countless tons of relief stores hastening, with the speed of the wind, along dozens of our highways to the scene of the disaster, while the fire was still raging, and poured out lavishly on the victims before they had fully waked up to the fact that they were really homeless and ruined. If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that no sentiment, whether good or bad, can ever become strong which does not find expression in action, the effect of the possibility of relieving distress at great distances in stimulating the feeling of the unity of the human race, and diminishing the dividing force of political boundaries, can hardly be overrated. That this great impulse to brotherly love should come, too, from the working of two mechanical inventions is, perhaps, as marvellous an illustration as was ever seen of the way in which the most material of agencies contribute to the



moral elevation of the race. "May God"—to use the words in which old Grotius closes the great book in which the doctrine of the unity of mankind found the noblest recognition it ever got from jurist or legislator—"write this lesson—he who alone can—on the hearts of all those who have the affairs of Christendom in their hands; and may he give to those persons a mind fitted to understand and to respect Rights, divine and human, and lead them to recollect always that the ministration committed to them is no less than this, that they are the governors of man—a creature most dear to God."

### THE PRESS AND THE KNAVES.

WE find the following, prefaced by some complimentary remarks, in a late number of the *Commercial Advertiser* of this City:

"The *Nation*, from its prejudice against General Grant, is quite as malignant as his meanest and dirtiest defamers. It stops at nothing—it stoops lower than the *Sun*. It reiterates from week to week the vilest slanders of a partisan press. It quotes the assertions of men of notoriously bad character—men proven to have been engaged in dishonorable practices—men publicly impeached, and who would not be believed under oath. It stays not its hand with the individual—it invades the home-circle—it strikes down the innocent and the sinless to reach the object of its malignant prejudices. Disgraceful as this sort of warfare may be to the partisan press, how much more so is it to a journal that aspires to be the most intellectual, the most refined, the most elevated and dignified of our teachers. See how the *Nation* shines, 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'"

We shall not attempt to refute this, and shall not even take the trouble to contradict it. We believe the *Nation* is read with sufficient care to make it easy for its readers to judge of the truth or falsehood of the *Advertiser's* charges without hearing anything from us on the subject. We quote the passage for the simple purpose of providing ourselves with an excuse for making a very frank explanation of what we conceive to be at the present crisis in public affairs the proper rules and regulations of political controversy. We have sought, ever since the *Nation* was started, not to allow any difference of opinion upon any question on which respectable and civilized men in any age have ever differed, to betray us into personal attacks or comments or criticism. We have endeavored, so far as the weaknesses of human nature would permit, to see in ordinary opponents politicians or journalists simply, and take no note whatever of their private life, antecedents, surroundings, or weaknesses, so long as they themselves chose to withdraw them from observation. We have not guessed, or enquired, or inferred anything with regard to the authorship of articles in newspapers, with the view of helping out our reply by an attack on the men who wrote them. We have always firmly held that these were the resources of feeble minds and malignant tempers; that political controversy was a manly art, and that those who engaged in it should use manly weapons, or else leave it for fields in which ignorance, weakness, and spitefulness would less seriously hinder them. One of the reasons which have led us of late to question the expediency of the entrance of women into the political arena has been the fear, which the female papers and female conventions seemed to justify, that it would greatly increase the tendency, common enough among men, to neglect the merits of public questions, and neglect even the public character of opponents, in order to indulge in little bursts of catlike fury over their birth, parentage, personal habits, and circumstances. When we find a man or woman raving against an anti-prohibitionist because he drinks wine, and enquiring whether an anti-female-suffragist has a mother or sisters or ill-treats his wife, or whether a free-trader is not bribed by foreign merchants, we always long to lead him or her off to the cranberry swamp or the washtub, and forbid either of them ever reappearing again in any newspaper or on any platform.

But, as we have said, we regard this avoidance of personalities as obligatory only in the discussion of questions on which respectable and civilized men have differed in opinion. There is hardly any question of public policy which does not lie within this category, not even slavery and polygamy. As honest, and upright, and conscientious men as the world has seen have approved of both one and the other; and though the presumptions, on the score of honesty, we admit, run strongly against any man who in our day is either slaveholder or poly-

gamist, yet we hold that, if we discuss with him publicly the rightfulness of either institution, we are bound not to fortify our arguments by personal attacks on him. We need not challenge the devil to loyal combat with lawful weapons unless we please, but, if we do, devil though he be, he is wronged by our wearing concealed armor, or poisoning our sword-blades.

The question, however, which now most seriously occupies the public mind is not a question on which there has in any age been any difference of opinion among respectable and civilized men. The question whether it is lawful to steal the public money, or any money, is not one on which any civilized community has ever been openly divided in sentiment. Nor is this community divided on it. There is in the United States, as we have often pointed out, no party which defends corruption or maintains that dishonest men ought to be put in office. The "corruptionists" exist, but they do not form, and never will form, an organization apart. Corruption is denounced on all party platforms; it is even denounced at meetings of the Tammany General Committee and of the "William M. Tweed and Richard B. Connolly Associations." If you get into the pulpit to preach against it, you will find the front pew filled with notorious knaves, their Bibles open on their knees, and their hands clasped, and eyes rolled up in devout expectation. Therefore, as we have often pointed out, preaching against corruption in the abstract does by itself little or no good in politics. We do not mean to say that denunciation of it with voice or pen are barren; if we thought so, we should despair of our civilization. But we do mean to say that, unless these denunciations are accompanied by accusations against particular persons, by proofs of their guilt, and by the prompt and relentless application to their case of such penalties as the law affords, or as public opinion and social opinion have at command, we shall make no progress towards purification. We know nothing of goodness except as displayed in the character of good men; we know nothing of badness except as displayed in the character of corrupt men; we know nothing of corruption except as it is displayed in the conduct of corrupt men. These virtues and vices may exist in the abstract; it is open to philosophers to speculate about them; but for us, as citizens, they are as if they did not exist.

This being true, the questions which occupy the public mind are not, Is there corruption?—we well know there is deep and widespread corruption—but, Are Ben, Hank, and Bob corrupt?—not, Is it right for collectors to steal? but, Has Tom stolen?—not, Is it right for judges to take bribes? but, Has George taken bribes?—not, Is it right for mayors to be receivers of stolen property? but, Has Abe received it, knowing it to be stolen? Secondary and subsidiary to these questions, but hardly less important, are the questions whether, knowing Jim to be a thief, and actually engaged in thieving, it is right to take his brief and his fee to aid him in so resisting or evading the law, or corrupting the bench, as to render his operations successful? whether, knowing Dick and Bill to be rascals enriched by plunder, and flaunting their ill-gotten wealth in the face of honest and struggling poverty, it is right to associate with them, or to countenance them by silence, or by vote, or by speech, or even by ordinary civility? whether, too, believing Dan to be a murderer, and bully, and forger, it is right for you, a high public officer, to appoint him to a place of trust or emolument? or, having done so in ignorance of his real character, to keep him in it in the face of unanswered charges of the gravest kind?

These questions, we admit, are personal questions; they cannot be discussed without personalities, and personalities of the most terrible kind. We know it, and we hate it as much as anybody; but there is no help for it. It is a detestable business, which not only every man who seeks to build up a better society, or to bring in the reign of purer manners and of nobler laws, but every man who desires to save good government on this continent for himself or his children, has to do, whether he likes it or not. A great crisis has come upon us, through various causes. The main feature of this crisis is the appearance in political positions of importance of ignorant, degraded, dishonest, and shameless men, many of whom, indeed we might say most of whom, would, if they got their due, be in the State prison. To apply to our dealings with these people the ordinary rules of political controversy is simply ridiculous. Any discussion we carry on with them is either

in the nature of a warning to them to fly while it is yet possible, or is intended simply to fill up the time while we are waiting for the police. In other words, our object in talking to them or about them is not to persuade them, but to bring them to justice. They are not political opponents, but criminals.

#### COLLECTOR MURPHY'S CASE.

A MEMBER of the Dix Commission, which enquired into the manner in which Mr. Murphy fulfilled his hat contract with the Government in 1864, has discovered that the stenographic report of the proceedings was still in his possession, and it has been handed to us for examination. We have read it through carefully. It appears, indeed, quite true that there was something unusual, if not extraordinary, in the way in which Colonel Olcott's charges against Murphy were taken up by the Government. They were not acted on for some months, in spite of his continuous pushing, and when acted on, instead of, as usual in such cases, ordering a trial by court-martial on his representations, the War Department directed a preliminary investigation by a committee, mainly civilian, sitting in New York. That this departure from the usual routine was due to the use of political influence on Murphy's part seems very likely, and indeed is not denied by his friends; but they excuse, if not justify, it by reference to the summary and unsatisfactory way of dealing with contractors into which military courts had fallen during the war, and in which a hasty and imperfect trial often resulted in ruin for the accused. Whether the refusal of the Government to allow Colonel Olcott the aid of counsel in this case is to be accounted for in the same way we do not know; but it is certain that they *did* refuse him counsel, and that the refusal was, as far as he was concerned, unprecedented, and it appears probable that it entailed on him serious inconvenience. He had more business of this kind all over the East than he could well attend to, so that he went to trial with little or no preparation, and found himself matched against Mr. Evarts. Mr. John Sedgwick, who had usually been employed by Colonel Olcott in similar cases, was, it is true, present, but only as a friend, and beyond the cross-examination of two witnesses, and the making of one or two objections to testimony, took no part in the proceedings.

The enquiry was strictly limited by the order to the question, "Whether there had been any fraud or failure on the part of the contractors" in the manner of executing the contract; and in carrying out these instructions, the commission confined themselves to ascertaining whether the hats delivered by Murphy were equal in quality to a sample or standard hat produced and exhibited. On this point Colonel Olcott produced seven witnesses, who all testified that the deliveries fell below the standard. Murphy, on the other hand, produced nine, who all testified that the deliveries were as good as the standard or better. In short, all hatters who were taken by Colonel Olcott to see the hats condemned them; while all those whom Murphy took to see them were satisfied with them; and yet there did not appear to be any trace of the use of improper influence or of improper or partial selection of experts on either side.

Nevertheless, it must be conceded that, judging from the account the witnesses gave of themselves, or which was given of them by others, the *weight* of testimony, in so far as experience and standing in the trade give weight, was on Murphy's side. The Olcott witnesses, though apparently very respectable men, were men of less mark as hatters, and they labored under the disadvantage of having to put their estimate of the difference between the standard and the deliveries into dollars and cents, which, of course, gave Murphy's counsel an opportunity of the kind which lawyers love, of tearing them to pieces, by making them accurately apportion the measure of inferiority among the component parts of the hat—so much for the stock, so much for the work, so much for the finish, or so much for the lining, and so on. When Colonel Olcott declared, as he did declare, that he did not question the honesty of the mode in which the contract was awarded, or the honesty of the inspector who passed the hats, there was, we confess, to our minds, nothing left for the commission but to pronounce that there had been no fraud or failure on the part of the contractors.

As to the justifiability of Colonel Olcott's action, it is to be said

that the hats, considered in themselves, must have been of a kind to excite suspicion in everybody's mind who had not narrowly compared them with the standard. The standard hat was furnished by Murphy & Griswold themselves, and seems to have been, like those which were modelled on it, a pitiful covering for the human head. Nearly all the witnesses on both sides agreed as to the poorness of their quality. One of Murphy's witnesses called them "miserably poor"; several said there would be no market for them if the Government did not take them; and Mr. Evarts energetically and successfully objected to the question put to one witness, whether he thought it would be possible to make poorer hats than they were? In fact, we gather from the evidence of Murphy's witnesses that he could not, if he had tried, have made worse hats than the sample, at all events, not much worse—which was a strong point in his favor. This accounts in part for the severe terms in which Colonel Perry, the Deputy Quartermaster at Washington, denounced them in the letter from which an extract was published in the *Tribune* of Sept. 22. He said they were of the "meanest quality," which was true; but he said also that "they could only have been received through the incompetency or collusion of the inspector," which was apparently untrue. They were received by the inspector because the standard was of the "meanest quality" too.

We ought to add that at the trial Colonel Olcott made no mention of any witnesses having been "spirited away," or of the absence of any witnesses whose evidence was other than cumulative. Moreover, the two witnesses who made affidavits, or statements in the form of affidavits, and afterwards refused to sign them, Messrs. Burr and Dodd, and whose evidence, we inferred from Colonel Olcott's language in his letter in the *Tribune*, was not forthcoming before the commission, really did both appear and testify at the trial. The affidavits, which were very damaging to Murphy, and gave a woful account of the manufacture of his hats and of their inferiority to the standard sample, were written out by a stenographer in Colonel Olcott's presence, although they were not signed; but the two men appeared at the investigation, and on some points mentioned in the affidavits gave an opposite account or professed ignorance, and on others were asked no questions. As they were Government witnesses, it was of course impossible for the prosecution to impugn their testimony by any imputation of collusion with Murphy. Nor was any suggestion made by Colonel Olcott or anybody else that the standard sample had been changed. Wheeler, the Government Inspector, swore it had remained in his custody the whole time; but it appeared that his "custody" was of a kind that desperate and dexterous men would not have had much difficulty in violating. However, the point was not raised in any way. In our comments on the matter we have spoken of the non-production of the affidavits published in the *Tribune* in the Senate, when Murphy came up for confirmation, as "incomprehensible." Colonel Olcott says that it was found they had been abstracted from the files at the War Department; Murphy's friends say the fact was that no such papers were ever put on file, and that the originals were all along in Olcott's possession. We shall not now take upon ourselves to decide between them. We have satisfied ourselves that, though Murphy did make "shocking bad hats" for the army in 1864, he did not defraud the Government, and that we have done him an injustice in asserting that he did. The badness of the hats appears, as we have said, to have been the result of deliberate choice on the part of the War Department; and the explanation of it we have heard offered is, that hats having risen greatly in price, and the war being apparently near its close, the authorities determined to provide an article which, though poor, would probably last till the close of hostilities.

We would not willingly wrong even a Custom-house politician, and as we have wronged Murphy, we would gladly say no more about him. If he was a private individual, it would be our duty henceforth to let him alone. But unfortunately the refutation of the charge of fraud in his contracts, though it diminishes the scandal of his retention in a high public office, does not do away with it. His appointment was, as we said at the time it was made, an abuse of a great public trust; we are of that opinion still; and we have not, in the course of our enquiries, met with anybody, either among his friends or foes, bold enough to



allege that he was fit for the position he now holds. The opinion of men of all parties who know anything about him, of the President's course in putting him in Mr. Grinnell's place, was well expressed by the New York *Times* immediately after his nomination last year, when it said that his nomination was one that "set rational explanation at defiance"; that those who had rejoiced at it were those "who contributed most to the defeat and degradation of the party in this city"; "that the appointment proved that the parasites of the party were still its masters"; and that "the President had the satisfaction of knowing that he had taken a step which all his enemies would exult over and all his friends deplore." Of the influences to which Murphy owed his appointment, the same journal offered all the explanation that was necessary when it said "that Mr. Conkling had made his arrangements too well to be disappointed," and that "the whole business had been arranged nearly three months before."

Since the revelations that have been made within the past year of the state of affairs in this city, it is not necessary for a writer, addressing himself to honest men of every party throughout the country, to give the reason for his hostility to a politician like Murphy. We do not need that he should be a fraudulent contractor in order to ask for his dismissal from a place of trust and profit. All Republicans now know that when an illiterate hatter, army contractor, and speculator in real estate suddenly appears on the surface of New York politics, and becomes a favored competitor for a position in the public service which should only be given to a trusted and well-known merchant, it is neither to his talents, nor his eloquence, nor his piety, nor his business ability that he owes his good luck, but to the low arts and hidden ways which have given us Tweed and Sweeny and Hall and Connolly and their kind. Murphy, in short, was, to speak plainly, put in charge of the Custom-house of this great port for no other reason than that he was supposed to possess, in an eminent degree, that dexterity in the handling of base tools for base ends which has made Tweed the lordly criminal that he is; and Murphy has in all respects, we must do him the justice to say, answered the expectations entertained of him by his patrons. He "runs" the Custom-house as Tweed and Connolly "run" the City Hall; that is, by filling it, as far as is possible without stopping the whole machine, with unscrupulous and shiftless adventurers dependent for their bread on his will, and ready for any dirty work he may be pleased to assign them, and whom he mulcts unmercifully to pay the expenses of their own degradation. Let us not be misunderstood: we do not expect, in our day, to see the work of politics in this city or anywhere else done by saints; but country readers will admit that we are not hypercritical or oversanguine when we tell them that the two factions into which the Republican party in this city is divided, one of which is headed by Murphy, are not simply a disgrace to our politics, but to our civilization. What we mean by this we shall best explain by saying that listening to the account given of them by those who know them thoroughly (which, we are glad to say, we do not) is like reading a chapter in those old gems of criminal literature, "The Newgate Calendar" or "The Lives of Noted Rogues and Rapparees." "Politics," in their minds, has long ceased to have any connection with public affairs, in the proper sense of that term. It consists in a knowledge of the weaknesses, capacity for evil, petty vanities, and sordid desires of one or two hundred more or less obscure men, nearly every one of whom is accused of offences either against social morality or the laws of the land, and over a considerable number of whom "papers" containing revelations of more or less atrocity are held in *terrorem* by their antagonists. Among the offences with which they charge each other are: 1. Perjury; 2. Subornation of witnesses; 3. Levying blackmail, either as officeholders or editors; 4. Bribery of legislators; 5. Being bribed as legislators; 6. Corruption of judges; 7. Swindling the Government during the war; 8. Connection with the Whiskey Ring; 9. Complicity with the Tammany Ring; 10. Embezzlement of public funds; 11. Embezzlement of trust funds; 12. Habitual lying. The most hopeful patriot will readily perceive that New York politics will hardly repay study, and that nothing very great in the way of reform is to be looked for through the transfer of power from one of these bands to another.

We may add that the suggestion made by some country papers—that the Custom-house difficulty can be solved by giving the collectorship to some respectable Republican from some other State, such, say, as General Hawley, of Connecticut—is based on a misapprehension of the exact state of the case. No honest man, who means to do his duty to the Government, and nothing more, can, in the present state of local politics, and with the "spoils" system in full operation, hold either the collectorship or the marshalship in this district. He might possibly succeed, with more or less wear and tear of mind, and some damage to his moral sense, if the parties in the city were united; but with two factions contending for the "offices," anybody who takes either place before the civil service is reformed must make up his mind to be a thoroughgoing and unscrupulous partisan, without decency or principle, and to associate and co-operate with the principal "scallawags" of the city. General Barlow tried to administer the marshal's office on sound principles, but a deputation of politicians waited on him nearly every week to abuse him for not putting their creatures and tools in office, and finally went to Washington to denounce him to the President. At last the State Committee capped the climax by assessing him for campaign expenses, not on his salary, but on his supposed annual stealings—which they estimated at the enormous sum of \$44,000, his lawful salary being only \$6,000.

### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

LONDON, Oct. 2, 1871.

THE "Exhibition," that standing novelty of London, has just closed, having been so far a success in a pecuniary point of view that the commissioners have devoted £2,000 to the purchase of works for the national collection. This was a foregone conclusion, I believe; for any exhibition which does not cost too much in the getting up and current expenses, can be made to pay in London by dint of advertising. There is such a world of sight-seers, who will see everything before they are content, that even if the *Times* told the public that it was the worst thing to be seen that ever was seen, crowds would go to see it because it was the worst. On no other ground can the success of the Exhibition be accounted for. It has been ill arranged, ill managed, and is poor in things of general interest, as well as destitute of articles of novelty. The management seems to me to have been that of *dilettante*—a sort of close corporation of amateurs, who, by official indulgence, had been permitted to play at commissioner while their chiefs, the real commissioners, were occupied with more important things. I have not had the patience to read the reports of the official reporters, but the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* encourage me to think that I have done wisely in not spending my time or money on them; and as there was absolutely nothing of general interest and decided novelty in the rooms, I don't think the reports can be worth much to the world at large.

Nothing can be worse than the arrangement of the buildings for a general exhibition. Rooms for such purposes should be built on a plan which permits the visitor to pass at once to any gallery or room which he may desire to see, without going through a labyrinth, or even such a peripatetic struggle as it involved, to find anything one wants in the long line of rooms which form the hollow square of the Exhibition buildings. Then, to make matters worse for the general public, the Royal Horticultural Society, which has proprietary rights over the enclosed grounds, does not permit any one to pass across the square without payment of one shilling extra—one of those shoppy and characteristically British things which obtrude themselves on a foreigner in England at every turn, another being the multiplication of catalogues at one shilling each, all of them poor except as to paper and type, and made bulky by the addition of a large number of leaves of advertisements entitled "illustrated appendix," though there are in general no illustrations except trade-marks. In fact, the dominant impressions which remain on my mind as to the whole thing are, first, that it is a wretchedly assorted array of incoherent productions; and, secondly, that all that could be done to turn a penny has been done—that, in short, it was a big shop, and not so well arranged as any private establishment of the same importance would have been.

The meagreness of the Exhibition is doubtless due to the war, which has absorbed all the attention and much of the industry and capital of the whole civilized world, and prevented contributions; but if contributions had been much more numerous, what would the management have done

What is, however, excellent, in spite of bad arrangement in parts and sympathetic incompetence in the whole, is the art collection, which we are assured will become a permanent matter, and give us in London an annual opportunity to see foreign art; not so much for the sake of English taste, which is likely to be very slowly improved by foreign examples, but because London is a convenient place for cosmopolitan collections of every kind, and strangers here may find in such a collection most forms of modern art. In this sense, we hope that the present Exhibition is but the first of a long series, and that later ones may be still more complete. In fact, the art collection redeems the International Exhibition of 1871 from insignificance, and by its catholicity, if not by its intelligent arrangement, makes it a notable occurrence in the history of English art development. The Royal Academy is a close guild, a shop for the benefit of English artists and mainly for its members, and in which a foreigner has a poor chance of being admitted and a worse one of being seen. The opportunity which an exhibition like the International offers to foreign art is, therefore, not only a new one for the general public, and one which is likely to be most valuable, but one which will in time be of the greatest mercantile value to the artists of all the world. London is the great market for all superfluities which are in the fashion, and the sums now thrown away on English art, if wisely spent in some other countries, would change the conditions of artistic existence; and a great exchange of fine art, such as a catholic exhibition here would become, would be the market for the New World as well as the Old. It will be long before the English purchaser will become catholic, because in England there is little taste and much deference to fashion. It is impossible to make your average Englishman believe that Landseer is a dauber compared with Rubens or even Snyders, or that Millais is an eternity from Delacroix; he may admit it if you assert it energetically and contemptuously enough, overpowered by your energy if not convinced by your demonstration, but he will return to his former faith the moment after. Like an old English friend of mine, whom I assured, in speaking of the magnificent Thames (which is, after all, one of the most beautiful of rivers), that we had rivers in America which would go round England and tie in a knot, he would say, "I must believe it, my dear S., since you assure me of it, but I don't see how it can be"—and John comes back to his faith in Landseer and Millais again, his placid nature renouncing your tentative persuasion as a lake effaces the impression of a pebble. English art for the moment exhibits a most admirable illustration of the effects of protection—not legal, but sentimental—for practical free-trade would break down some of the shops, including, if I am not mistaken, the Royal Academy. Therefore, let us hope in the future of the International.

The comparative poverty and feebleness of English art in this Exhibition is to an outsider most striking; and this in spite of its being a "review" exhibition, at which all pictures of living (and, in the case of French art, of some dead) painters are included. There are here some celebrated pictures from previous English exhibitions, such as Millais's "Knight Errant," Walker's "Plough" and "Bathers," several pictures by Landseer, portraits by Watts, etc., etc.; and repeated visits to the Exhibition, passing from the English to the Continental schools, have only fixed in my mind the long growing impression that the English intellect (and I include in the same expression the American, so far as it has not been modified by other national characteristics) is hopelessly inartistic. Now and then an isolated intellect crops out from the mass of the pure artistic temperament, good for nothing for any other use than the evangelization of beauty; but he is, like John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, without teacher or imitator—nothing but the great gospel follows him. Such was Gainsborough (and, on a smaller scale, Reynolds), such Turner, and such at the present moment Burne Jones, and no other purely English mind—Rossetti, the greatest of English painters of today, not being English, but Italian. The mass of painters are alike in certain characteristics, chief of these, even in the best and truest, being a complete subordination of the "notion" of a picture to its plastic element—the telling of a story, the illustration of a passage from the poets, the realization of a moral or representation of a fact, rather than the expression of the harmonies either of color, arrangement, or form, which make and distinguish the great schools, the Greek, Venetian (and Florentine?). The English artist is hopelessly intellectual; well, if his intellect is of the nobler type, but never so ill if it is of that microscopic character by which the majority of the pictures in the English exhibitions are produced; but, in any case, he cannot cease to think out all his results, instead of abandoning himself, as a true artist does, to the emotions in the expression of which art consists.

I cannot illustrate my meaning better than by citing Hogarth as a type of the English mind in its practical application, and contrasting him with Turner. The former was a novelist on canvas, and in all his work the plastic qualities are scarcely sufficient for the logic and rhetoric of his story. He moralizes, reflects, satirizes, caricatures even, much as if he were a Swift educated with a brush instead of a pen in his hand. Turner is the other pole of art—concrete sensuousness—a being sensitive at every pore and tentacle to the beauty and multiform harmonies of the universe; but of ratiocination, philosophy, science, morals, or morality, not a particle, conscious or unconscious, save what his natural impulses bred in him. Hogarth is the father of English art, so far as it is distinctively such; and the isolated natures which are purely artistic, after the type of Titian, Correggio, and Turner, seem to have only an exceptional existence, and to leave no abiding influence either on art or the public taste, which will not be divorced from the idol, the picture-story.

Whether as the consequence of this want of appreciation, original default, or other reason, it does not matter to enquire, but the fact is that English painting almost never rises above mediocrity in plastic qualities, though in the selection and conception of subject it does show at times great dramatic power and freshness of insight into human nature. One feels on passing through the Exhibition, with an undeniable intellectual vivacity and not uncommon poetic sensibility and purity of feeling, a weakness in general treatment, a want of mastery of the material, command of the grammar of art, distinctness and simplicity of plastic treatment, which gives the impression of self-taught (always badly taught) youths, some of an energy almost frantic, but juvenile throughout—a school without a master, and, what is worse, without the feeling of the need of one; and, on passing into the French galleries, the contrast is disastrous. Here, with any quantity of triviality in conception and choice of subject, there is a mastery, an energy and directness in treatment, which, let the impression on your taste be what it may, assure you that you are in the presence of a race of artists. With the exception of some portraits by Watts, I do not find a single oil-picture in the whole English collection which could be classed with really great Continental work, and even Watts is so feeble in handling and drawing that he cannot sit beside such men as Delacroix, Wouters of Belgium, Vinck, or even the landscape painters, Troyon, Daubigny, Dupré, and a score of others, at whose work the average English exhibition-goer turns up his nose in complete indifference. There is a flower piece in the French gallery, by Diaz, which has more art in it than any oil-picture in the whole English department, reminding one of the axiom of Titian, that a bunch of grapes contained all the elements of art.

Yet I heard a very intelligent Englishman say as he passed out of the Belgian room—in which there are more noble landscapes than I ever saw in any exhibition of the Royal Academy, and three or four figure-pictures which would have furnished the whole Academy with ability—"A very poor room that is." And this seems the case generally. You cannot make the English public take anything in an unwonted package—the trademark goes for all. Yet it is extravagantly fond of artistic power when it has the Academy stamp. Millais, who passes for the R. A.'s best man with *oi πολλοί*, has in the International a picture which he calls the "Knight Errant," a naked woman tied to a tree (the tree dividing the picture in two) and a knight cutting the cords with a huge double-handed broadsword which he has thrust downward between her and the tree at the imminent risk of her skin—he looking the while intently at her face, which she as steadfastly and with propriety turns away. A swordsman would have drawn his weapon across the cord from the outside; if a clever man he would have taken his dirk to do the cutting with; but in any case he would have looked where he was cutting. The knight is a lay figure in armor, the woman an ordinary model with every imperfection of the model on her, and even traces of her obedience to the fashion of the day. Every dramatic quality, every common-sense consideration, is omitted from the picture. Neither ideality nor imagination is in it. Yet one heard, and hears continually, unqualified praise of it as a masterpiece of modern art, and I doubt if any critic for a London paper would care to speak out the plain truth, which is, that it is a clever piece of brush-work, mediocre in knowledge of drawing, forced and artificial in composition, strong to garishness in color, with incompleteness and failing harmony, utterly devoid of point, and palpably only a clumsy pretext to make a picture out of a cleverish study from a nude model. Yet its bravura and brush-work made it the picture of the season to the vast majority of R. A. exhibition-goers. English art is not by any means without value—some forms of it are of great value; the best being in the comic papers and the pictures which follow that vein—the greatest being pictorially what Thackeray hinted at



in his wonderfully clever designs, and realized perfectly in words. But this is a light not from the firmament where Titian, Correggio, Turner, even Phidias and Michael Angelo, burn.

Belgian art in the Exhibition has surprised me, even with a certain knowledge of it for many years. There is, especially in the landscape department, a directness of manner and simplicity of appeal which quite equal French painting, though nothing in power approaches Daubigny and Dupré, and there seems to me more of the peculiar English love for pure nature, as nature, which makes so delightful a feature of the English water-color exhibitions—the impersonality of the Englishman before nature. Two landscapes by a woman, Marie Collart, interested me especially for simplicity, purity, and directness of painting, but the grandest landscape after those of Daubigny and Dupré, and even more tender and true to the theme—a real autumn twilight—was a picture by Lamorinière, "Near Hastière."

The German collection shows nothing new—the same prescriptive treatment of the same natural properties, dull and uninteresting, which we know from Düsseldorf so long ago—neither great art nor simple nature—scholarly, academic, and stupid, it must be said, even if honest and true up to a certain range.

W. J. STILLMAN.

## Notes.

MACMILLAN & CO. will shortly issue three text-books remarkable even amid the general excellence of the well-known Clarendon Press Series, to which they belong. These are: "The Philology of the English Tongue," by John Earle, M.A., sometime Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford—a manual constructed on the elementary method, "the aim of which has been to find a path through most familiar ground up to philological principles"; "Livy—Books I.-X.," with introduction, historical examination, and notes, by Prof. J. R. Seeley—Book I.; and "Elements of Roman Civil Law," by Gaius, with a translation and commentary by Edward Poste, M.A.—an edition of the palimpsest MS. treatise discovered by Niebuhr at Verona in 1816, "partly addressed to law students, and partly to those who consider some initiation in the principles of jurisprudence as an essential part of a liberal education."—The American edition of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Professor Hackett and Mr. Ezra Abbot, originally issued as a subscription book, has now been put by the publishers, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, in the regular trade, and may be bought and ordered like any other book.—Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. announce that Mr. Bayard Taylor will edit for them a "Library of Travel and Adventure," profusely illustrated, and that Drs. Henry B. Smith and Philip Schaff will edit a "Theological and Philosophical Library"—"intended to cover by means of at least one standard book every principal topic under these general heads," and beginning with Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy." A third library—a second series of the "Wonder Library," but mainly edited by American writers—is also in contemplation. The same publishers republish Jowett's "Plato," and have in press a new novel, "Richard Vandermarek," by Mrs. Sidney S. Harris, author of "Rutledge."—Mr. G. Wharton Hammersley, editor of one of the best papers published in Philadelphia, the *Germantown Chronicle*, has begun an enterprise which has been often undertaken in this country, but heretofore not with flattering success. His weekly *Public Opinion* is a compilation of the current sentiments of the leading journals in this country and in England, on all topics that interest intelligent readers. It is convenient in size and well printed, and ought to find support.

—Our Chicago exchanges slowly reappear, more or less like their former selves. Among them we are glad to receive again the *Chicago Legal News*, which, indeed, though its office was burnt out, was issued punctually, with only the difference of a half-sheet. It was more fortunate than some of its contemporaries in saving its subscription list, but sustained a severe loss in its library of nearly two thousand volumes. This paper is remarkable for being edited by a woman, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, and we believe that it is esteemed by the profession as the best law journal in the country. The issue before us thus states the condition of legal matters in Chicago: "The members of the bar are most of them ruined. Not a single law office remains, either in the North or South Divisions of the city. . . . A large number of the members of the bar are without offices, without books, without money, without business, and with no immediate prospect of any. The records of the courts, State and Federal, have been consumed as well as the records and the deeds. . . . Every

volume of the library of the Chicago Law Institute, which was the pride of the bar of the West, was destroyed."

—The Schwabe Gallery of Fallen Heroes has been sold in Boston under foreclosure of mortgage. This collection of about a hundred portraits of officers and soldiers was made in part just before the close of the war, and in part very soon after. Mr. L. B. Schwabe, otherwise known as Count Schwabe, appeared as the former of the collection; but we are unable to say what proportion of the whole work was at his own expense. Some of the pictures and some of the frames were paid for, wholly or in part, by the regiments, or families, or companies of the dead, but some were paid for by Mr. Schwabe, as well. During the four days preceding the sale the pictures were on exhibition. Their condition is dreadful; many of them are wholly ruined by the alteration of the colors, and many have their surfaces cracked all to pieces, and are covered with a network of white lines. This may be caused in part by storage in cellars and the like; but it is caused in great part, also, by their bad painting. Many more than half of the pictures in the gallery are absolutely worthless. So bad a collection of paintings can hardly be found elsewhere. It is to be hoped that it will be broken up very speedily. It is now held by the buyer, Mr. Walker, of Chicago, one of the mortgagees, but it ought not to be kept together. It is reported in the Boston papers that the pictures will be valued, and offered at the valuations to the families interested. If in this way the mortgagees can get back their money, and the family of each soldier whose portrait is in the collection can get their picture, and destroy it, it will be well, and one more wholly unsuccessful scheme will thus pass away and be forgotten. Our memories of our soldiers are too precious to be spoiled by association with it.

—On both sides of the water the present season is marked by great dullness in the book trade, and the paucity of notable literary productions or even expectations. Col. Yule's "Marco Polo" is perhaps the most scholarly and exhaustive, as it is, unfortunately, one of the most costly of recent works. Mr. Darwin's promised "Facial Expressions of Animals" is much the most interesting of works yet to come. From both classes we select the following titles: In biography and history, "A Group of Englishmen (1795-1815)," being records of the younger Wedgwoods and their friends, embracing a history of the discovery of photography, by Eliza Meteyard; "Raphael of Urbino and his Father, Giovanni Santi," by J. D. Passavant, with twenty illustrations; "English Artists of the Present Day," essays by various critics, with twelve photographic illustrations; "The Homes of Other Days," a history of domestic manners and sentiments during the Middle Ages, with profuse illustrations from contemporary manuscripts and other sources, by Thomas Wright; "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," by Geo. W. Cox; and the "History of the Newspaper Press," by James Grant. This last is one of the most amusing specimens of bad writing and commonplace—and plenty of it, as the work is expanded into two volumes—that have appeared in a long time. The author, who was formerly editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, is not incapable of a sentence like this, for example: "Whoever may have been the author of those letters, this one thing is certain—namely, that his real name was not Junius." There is the usual proportion of works on India: "Eastern Experiences," by Lewin B. Bowring, Lord Canning's Private Secretary; "Western India before and during the Mutinies"—pictures drawn from life—by Maj.-Gen. Sir George Le Grand Jacob; "Wild Men and Wild Beasts," scenes in Indian camp and jungle, by Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cumming; "The Indian Mussulmans: Are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?"—a question of some importance to our British cousins—by W. W. Hunter. With the foregoing Eastern narratives may be classed "Among the Huts in Egypt," scenes from real life, by M. S. Whately; and "The Daughters of Syria," an account of the missionary labors of the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson, edited by the Rev. H. B. Tristram. Illustrated works for the holidays are of good quality, embracing some mentioned above and these others: Carl Werner's "Nile Sketches," mounted fac-similes of the original water-colors, with descriptive text; "Portfolio of Cabinet Pictures," reproduced in colors after Turner, Calcott, Constable, and Birket Foster; "Children in Italian and English Design," by Sidney Colvin, with twelve photographs; "Gems of Dutch Art," twelve photographs from the finest engravings in the British Museum; and "St. George's Chapel, Windsor," in eighteen views by the Woodbury process. A few miscellaneous titles will close our summary: Prof. Jevons's "Theory of Political Economy"; "Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism," by Prof. G. G. Zerffi, a disbeliever in supernatural manifestations; "The Southern States since the War," by Robert Somers; "Lord Bantam," by the author of "Ginx's Baby"; "China's Place in Philology,"

by the Rev. Joseph Edkins, of Peking; "The Slaves, their Ethnology, Early History, and Popular Traditions," by W. R. Morfill; and a "Catalogue of Dictionaries and Grammars of the Principal Languages of the World" (which can be obtained without difficulty)—a very useful compilation which we owe to Mr. Trübner.

—The *Cornhill Magazine* for October contains a very interesting and ably written article, called "Notes on Flying and Flying Machines," perhaps by a member of the Aeronautical Society—for it seems that such a society exists in England. The four conditions of the problem of air-navigation—buoyancy, extent of supporting surface, propulsion power, and elevating power—are briefly but suggestively discussed, and the following conclusion arrived at: "Iron and steam have given man the power of surpassing the speed of the swiftest of four-footed creatures—the horse, the greyhound, and the antelope. We have full confidence that the same useful servants place it in man's power to outvie in like manner the swiftest of winged creatures—the swallow, the pigeon, and the hawk." Most persons will probably be surprised to learn that the wing-surface of flying creatures is not proportioned to their weight, but to the surface of their bodies; that, for example, "the sparrow, which weighs 339 times less than the Australian crane, possesses seven times more relative [supporting] surface"; and that man, consequently, if his muscles were only adapted for the work, would need about such wings as are "commonly assigned to angels by sculptors and painters." The writer seems to be of opinion that buoyancy is much less a desideratum in a flying-machine than equipoise, without which the sustaining force of the air (in resistance of gravity) cannot be made available for swift horizontal flight; and he observes of constructions thus far proposed, that "in nine cases out of ten (if not in all) the machine would be as likely to travel bottom upwards as on an even keel." He does not make any allusion to the most promising invention yet tried in this country—the Californian "Avitor"—which secures, by means of a cigar-shaped balloon, enough buoyancy to just overcome gravity, and relies on machinery for elevation and propulsion. Possibly, however, he had it in mind when he penned the sentence just quoted. The "Aerial Steam Navigation Company," which has allowed two years to elapse since the trial of its model "steamer," ought to make some report of its progress, for the comfort of those who believe in the ultimate success of aeronautics.

—*Art and the Portfolio* for October, which are sent us by Brentano, are both of less than ordinary interest. *Art* is the more permanently valuable of the two, by reason of its very clear copy of Albert Dürer's print of St. Eustachius; but what is the use of giving, now and then, a masterpiece like this, when the general run of illustrations is drawn from such commonplaces as "La Bella Giardiniera" of Gordigiani, or such worthless productions as the *Hélène* of Clesinger? From an editor who can find nothing better than things like these to give his subscribers, not much in the way of instructive writing is to be looked for, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find the letterpress of little worth. The writing in the *Portfolio* is more seriously instructive, though we must record our inability to read Mr. William B. Scott's English. Either his ideas are not clear, or he totally lacks the power to express them. His page of illustrations from Blake, in the July number of the *Portfolio*, was a valuable contribution, however. We wish the article in the October number, on "The Domestic Furniture of the Eighteenth Century," could have been illustrated. Such an essay is almost without value unless accompanied by copies of the designs criticised. The *Art Journal* is very barren this month, but it is never of any great value as an artistic authority or treasure-house. It appeals essentially to the average English art-manufacturer, and to the people who look upon him and his doings with admiration.

—They are discussing in some of the London newspapers and journals the question of a national theatre; whether there cannot be established in the city of London, either by means of a stock company, or by a Government subsidy, a theatre where the best of the old plays, and the best plays that can be written by Englishmen to-day, shall be acted in the best possible manner. The recent visit of the admirable company of the Théâtre Français to London, where they have been very successful, and where they are much missed since their return to Paris, would seem to have set our cousins to thinking whether they cannot have an institution of the same sort in their own country. M. Planché, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. R. H. Horne, and Mr. Godwin, the editor of the *Builder*, have all been writing, and it seems as if something might come of it. One writer suggests that London will never have anything so good as the Français unless it be insisted on that no play shall be accepted in the

ideal institution that has been written by a professional dramatic critic, and that no professional actor shall ever write criticisms upon theatrical performances.

—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 15 contains the first part of an account, by his lifelong friend Guizot, of the late Duc de Broglie (Achille Léonce-Victor-Charles, Duc de Broglie, born at Paris, November 28, 1785; died at Paris, January 26, 1870). It is not so much a notice of the Duke's whole life as of that part of it after Guizot became intimately acquainted with him—the Duke being at that time thirty-three years of age and Guizot thirty-one—and until they both withdrew from active political life. M. Victor Cherbuliez continues his novel, "The Revenge of Joseph Noirel." M. Charles Broillard contributes a valuable article on the growing scarcity of wood for building and manufacturing purposes (have we a term equivalent to the French "*bois d'œuvre*"?) all the world over. M. Edmond Planchut continues his "Round the World in One Hundred and Twenty Days," begun in the number for September 1st. M. Mézières endeavors to tell us the truth about the "Blockade of Metz," and arrives at a conclusion strongly condemnatory of Bazeine, expressed, however, in very temperate and dignified terms. The *Revue* contains the usual political chronicle and book-notices. Subscribers are informed that the numbers for the end of 1870 and the beginning of 1871, of which, in consequence of the two blockades of Paris, there was only printed a small edition, and which could not be distributed to outside subscribers, are now ready.

—It is hardly necessary to call the attention of the readers of the *Revue* to the story of Victor Cherbuliez, "La Revanche de Joseph Noirel," which has just been finished in the number of Oct. 1. There may be others, however, who will gladly hear of a new novel from his pen, and one which is in many respects—in fact, upon the whole—the best that he has yet written. Even "Prosper Randoce," with all its subtlety, is not so interesting. In that story our chief interest centres upon Didier, who, even if he is not a pathological study, comes so near it that the book will seem to many more interesting than admirable. "Ladislav Bolski" is one of the cleverest novels one can find in a long summer's day, but even this falls below this last story, which is not only quite as clever but far more poetical. Nowhere has Cherbuliez drawn a character so fascinating as "Marguerite." The way in which she is represented, first as a young girl at home, as charming and lovely as possible, then married and in trouble, but growing in fascination as in character with every affliction, retaining in spite of all her suffering her wonderful innocence and purity, warrants us in declaring that Cherbuliez has shown here a power which, previously, it was only in one's power to predict. To draw a charming woman is no light task; Cherbuliez has done it not only with the cleverness with which he gave us Didier's self-analysis and Ladislav Bolski's fiery passion—a quality in which, by the way, he stands almost alone—but with a pathos and sympathy far superior to any such cheap gift as cleverness. While Marguerite stands first in merit, Joseph is not to be forgotten; indeed, there is no weakness shown in the treatment of any of the characters. The plot, which for the last three months has been baffling the readers of the *Revue*, is one of the sort in which Cherbuliez delights, it being complex and not to be easily unriddled, but yet one not too heavy for its author—he is never weighed down by its demands, it seems to trouble him as little as the utterance of one of his numerous witticisms. Some of the descriptions, as, for example, that of the old castle, and the meeting between Joseph and Marguerite in the snow, are models of beauty. One of the peculiarities of Cherbuliez's novels is evident in this, namely, their joyousness in spite of a tragic end—we hope the reader will pardon us for throwing even so much light upon the plot; it tells him but little. This quality seems to us one of the greatest an author can have: to give us sadness, but yet, without cheap consolation, to leave in our minds the impression that there is something beyond it, something which no sadness can touch—a state of mind which is neither hope nor indifference, but the certainty of the grandeur of the world outside of our own petty misery. This Cherbuliez has done. If this praise seems fulsome, we hope that the fault-finders will read the novel, which will soon, of course, appear in book-form. The admirers of Cherbuliez do not need this advice.

—*Nature* quotes from the *Revue Universelle* the statement that "the German Empire, in acquiring an extended frontier from France, has traced the new boundary line not from a topographical plan, but, in all probability, from a geological map edited at Berlin. In fact, it is to be observed that the new boundaries between France and Germany absorb, for the benefit of the Empire, all the rich deposits of the mines of Cretaceous iron-ore



in the basins of the Moselle and the Meurthe, with the exception of the Longwy group. Save this, which has been reserved, Germany has made herself mistress of the larger portion of the best part of the most important mineral beds in France. These beds extend under the vast plateau which forms the east of the departments of Moselle and Meurthe, and crop out in the valleys from Longwy, in the north, as far as Pont St. Vincent, Meurthe, in the south, and comprise a full quarter of the mineral riches of France. The new determination of boundaries will have the effect of introducing into the productive industry of Germany, according to the statistics of 1867, 23 blast-furnaces, capable of producing 205,000 tons of metal; 9,000 hectares of iron country, yielding 500,000 tons; 14 iron-works, turning out 127,000 tons; and 22,000 hectares of coal-field, from which can be got 180,000 tons of coal." If this be true, the French have evidently been "betrayed" again.

—In the *Chinese Recorder* for July, lately received, we find for the first time an authentic statement of the missionary regulations proposed by the Chinese authorities. A former incorrect report of the contents of this important document has furnished a text for a very general denunciation of the retrogressive policy of the Chinese Government, the justice of which, in the light of the present version, is not so clear. That these regulations are directed mainly against the Roman Catholic missions appears both from the general nature of the acts which they are designed to restrain and from the preamble, in which the "religion of the Lord of Heaven," as the Roman Catholic faith is termed, is expressly distinguished from the "religion of Jesus," or the Protestant faith; and the fear is expressed that, in case of an outbreak, the latter also might suffer, the ignorant multitude not being able to distinguish between them. We are not to suppose that the Government is particularly friendly to Protestant missions, but neither the manner in which they are conducted, nor the small number of converts, compared with those of the Roman Catholic missions, is calculated to arouse in anything like the same degree the hostility of a people which, in matters of religion, is rather indifferent than intolerant. Against the Roman Catholics, on the other hand, their grievances are many and serious, and to the truth of some of them, *e.g.*, the state and authority assumed by the missionaries in the interior provinces, we have as unimpeachable witnesses the missionaries themselves. The following extracts from the preamble put the Chinese side of the question very forcibly:

"When an outbreak occurs, foreigners think only of force to repress it, caring little how they can convince and win the minds of the people, and thereby secure lasting harmony. But the repression of these evils can best be brought about by mutual deliberation, with a full knowledge of the facts; and this is proposed by the members of the Government as the means most likely to secure friendly relations between China and other countries. They have learned that missionaries in other countries get along quietly, making it plain that there must be some rules, and that both they and their converts conform to the usages of these lands; and do not, as in China, arrogate to themselves the state and dignity of officials, oppose the orders of the local rulers, and incite animosity by injuring the people. . . . To have a number of foreigners in the country acting in this independent way is to have so many enemies in the land, and the consequences of such conduct will necessarily ere long produce evils which neither party can repress nor endure. The question is one of the greatest moment to all countries having dealings with China, and the foreign ministers should most carefully consider it in all its bearings. If they decline to come to some arrangement, they cannot excuse themselves, in case another rising should occur, that they had not been made aware of the merits and hazards of the subject; these eight rules are, therefore, now put forward for them carefully to examine."

—The substance of these rules, each of which is followed by a note explaining more fully the nature of the evils which it is designed to remedy and giving in some cases individual examples, is the following:

1. The orphan asylums, if not closed altogether, should at least receive only the children of converts, and the number, ages, etc., of all admitted should be reported to the authorities. The secrecy hitherto observed, and the refusal to allow parents to see their children when once admitted, have caused much suspicion.
2. Chinese women shall not be allowed to visit the churches, nor Sisters of Charity to act as missionaries; both these practices offending against Chinese ideas of propriety.
3. Missionaries should respect the laws of the country, and not set themselves up as independent, nor interfere in behalf of their converts with the execution of the laws. The Government cannot excuse these converts from the payment of taxes or other civil duties, nor can the missionaries release them from the obligation.
4. Missionaries are not to interfere in criminal cases to screen their converts from punishment, nor demand indemnity where punishment has been inflicted.
5. Passports issued to French missionaries are not to be transferred to natives, or to be otherwise improperly used.
6. The character which the converts have previously borne should be

carefully enquired into; frequent reports should be made to the authorities of all persons admitted, and any subsequently convicted of crime should be excommunicated. It is charged that criminals frequently join the sect for the sake of the political protection afforded.

7. Missionaries are not to use official seals, or write official despatches to the native authorities, but in their intercourse with the officials are to observe the etiquette prescribed for native scholars.

8. No claim shall hereafter be set up for lands on the ground that they once belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and in future, when lands or houses are bought or leased for church purposes, the transaction must be public, and the deed must be executed in the name of the church.

The document adds in conclusion that these form only a portion of the grievances against the Roman Catholics; that the Government has no desire to destroy or persecute this faith; but unless some remedy is found for these evils, there is great danger that the indignation of the people will break out in excesses which the Emperor cannot restrain. That this is not an imaginary danger we have recent evidence in the disturbances at Fatsan, in the province of Kwantung, which the vigorous action of the Government only prevented from being in its issue, as it was in design, another Tientsin affair. Reports were spread of certain pills, said to be distributed by foreigners, which caused a mysterious swelling of the body, only to be relieved by embracing Christianity. The excitement reached Canton, and there was at one time imminent danger of an attack on the foreign quarter.

### SUBURBAN HOME GROUNDS.\*

NOR one in a thousand, probably, of all those who, in this country, every year set about the preparation of a suburban home for their families, can readily obtain the aid of a landscape-gardener, properly so called. To those who cannot, Mr. Frank J. Scott, of Toledo, Ohio, undertakes to give elementary instruction in the art, which he defines to be that of "creating lovely examples of landscape in miniature," but which, in its application to such small spaces of ground as he has more particularly in view, might, perhaps, better be stated to be that of preparing agreeable passages of landscape scenery. This work is in two parts, the first relating to questions of site, extent, plan, and method; the second, to the special qualities for landscape planting of each of several hundred trees and shrubs. The two parts are of about equal bulk, and might very well have been bound apart; together, they form an inconveniently heavy volume. The advice given in the first part is copious and distinct, and may be understood and applied by most town-bred men. The principles of art are freshly, if incompletely, stated, and although a new and elaborate series of symbols is used, the numerous illustrative plans, upon which it is evident that much study has been spent, are intelligible and instructive.

In one respect, Mr. Scott abandons the usage of the established authorities, and adopts, to the fullest extent, what he regards as an improved, popular American practice. It has generally been thought desirable by the older landscape gardeners, in forming their plans, that certain objects standing outside the ground placed under their control should be given a greater apparent distance, or, perhaps, without entire concealment, should be rendered partially obscure from points of view within it. For this purpose, a plantation is generally laid out along the boundary which is designed eventually to establish a verdant middle distance in the landscape. Perhaps still more frequently, it has been desired to shut out completely objects which were originally in view, but which were discordant with more important landscape elements nearer the points of view, in which case plantations have been planned with the design of forming complete new backgrounds. Skilful use of boundary plantations for these purposes was originally made by Kent and his immediate associates and successors, but the practice being followed, in a mechanical way, by the famous Brown and other stupid pretenders, gave rise to "the belt," so unmercifully ridiculed by Uvedale Price in his prolonged discussion with Repton and others. Mr. Scott uses no boundary plantations, and, unless to shut out some special deformity, would merge the surface of his grounds with whatever may lie beyond them. He would do without a fence if he could, and, not being allowed to, would have it as nearly as possible transparent. It may be said for his plans that, in attempting to secure even miniature passages of landscape of a complete character within the usual limits of a suburban building lot, the inexperienced planter would be so likely to run into fussy confusion, that it would almost always be better for him to accept whatever objects there may be on or across the street or boundary as primary matters of interest, and that the main motive of his

\* "The Art of Beautifying Suburban Home Grounds of small extent, etc., etc. Illustrated by upwards of two hundred plates and engravings of plans for residences and their grounds, of trees and shrubs, and garden embellishments, with descriptions of the beautiful and hardy shrubs grown in the United States. By Frank J. Scott." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

planting should be to gain elegance of foreground only. There is a sweet passage in the last work of Repton in which he justifies the pleasure he had taken in a design of this simple character. But Mr. Scott argues that the practice of planting closely along the boundary is a bad conventionalism, handed down from a period of "rude improvements and ruder men"; that it is a peculiarity of English gardening, which "it would be as unfortunate to follow as to imitate the surly self-assertion of English travelling manners"; and, finally, that not to lay our private grounds open to the public gaze is ill-bred, inhospitable, unneighborly, and unchristian (pp. 51 and 61).

We are confident that Mr. Scott, in the passages to which we refer, has got upon a wrong road, and as he has, in general, evidently studied his way with care, we are anxious to see what has led him astray. On reflection, it appears to us that so far as there is a distinct American practice in the respect indicated, it has grown out of the fact that the motive of what Mr. Scott calls home grounds in this country has hitherto been, in most cases, almost exclusively a motive of decoration. They have been designed to be looked upon from a window, or from the street; much less generally than in Europe to be familiarly and frequently occupied and lived in. The difference of custom in this respect has been often remarked, and generally attributed to differences of climate. We are disposed, however, to think that it should be connected with a considerable series of tolerably well-marked distinctions, now passing away, with which climate has had little to do—with habits of more constant, more desultory, and, with individuals, more varied labor; with the habit of looking with suspicion upon anything tending to withdraw attention from productive occupations, unless it were to distinctly religious exercises; with the customs which have forced young people generally to seek social enjoyment much more apart from their parents than is thought necessary, desirable, or prudent, in old countries; and, in short, with many direct results of the necessary privations and hardships of the pioneer period. It is not impossible, even in this country, with patience, ingenuity, and skill, to establish conditions under which, while engaged in many common domestic occupations, we may spend a good deal of time out of doors, but it is much more difficult than in the old countries, and while our emigrating fathers had their full stent to keep the wolf and savage from their doors, it is not surprising that they did not undertake the task. Their houses were commonly built, at most, with but two doors, of which one opened upon a working yard, always more or less blocked up with logs saved for fuel or timber, and the larger implements of the farm, the other upon the trail, which afterwards became a high road or village street. After a certain period, some one in each neighborhood would acquire an enviable distinction by "slicking up" a place, and planting some slips of lilac or poplar, obtained from the older settlements, or perhaps direct from the mother country. The most available ground for such a purpose was just within the door opposite the working yard, where, accordingly, to protect the plants from cattle, a space would be fenced in. As a better class of houses were substituted for the original cabins, with increasing security and prosperity, front-door yards increased in number, until, at length, the distinction was reversed, and it became almost disreputable in many districts to live in a house without such an appendage. The notion of furnishing them with broad, clean, smooth floors of gravel, or carpets of fine, close turf, with sewing and reading seats; of coaxing nature to decorate their convenience, or protect them from sun and wind, or to give them any degree of seclusion or coziness; or of ever using them as *al-fresco* parlors, or tea-rooms, or workrooms, or kindergartens, was not at all entertained. Regarded simply as ornaments of the house front, or as badges of respectability, like chaises and green blinds, it would have been folly to hide them behind walls, hedges, or thickets.

Between home-grounds of this class, however enlarged and improved, and the characteristic miniature pleasure-grounds of the suburban villas of any part of Europe, there can be no comparison. The private planting of public roadsides, and the contribution of a small piece of decorated ground in front of every dwelling to public use, is an excellent custom; and, in contrast with it, the habit of regarding the highway as a strictly government or parish affair, and its improvement in any respect as no man's private concern, and the somewhat stern and often rude face which suburban homes often present to the street in Europe, seems churlish and clownish. But between this extreme and that of forbidding all family privacy out of doors, there is a wide range. Croquet is doing something to unsettle the traditional idea that the only use of a home-ground is to

set off the house; but few among us yet suspect how much time can be spent profitably, agreeably, and healthfully, or how large a share of our ordinary household duties, as well as our recreations, can be attended to in the open air, provided we have grounds suitably arranged and furnished.

There is reason for questioning whether women in this country are not gradually becoming disqualified for much enjoyment of nature. We have spent some months in a neighborhood so famed for its landscape beauty that it was, at the time, visited by hundreds of strangers. Notwithstanding the fact that there were the most inviting groves, ravines, and mountains on all sides, far and near, that the temperature was generally agreeably cool, and the walks in several directions not at all difficult, it was rare to meet women on foot a mile away from the houses at which they were staying; rare to meet them out of doors at all dressed otherwise than as for church or a shopping expedition in Broadway. In their driving and sailing, it was obviously the social opportunity, not the scenery, that was sought. A flower in the grass, a bunch of ash-keys, a birch trunk, the bark of which suggested the making of a house ornament, the most commonplace objects thus associated with indoor life, would at once take, and completely withhold, attention from the finest view. To have been once upon a certain road, or to a certain point, was a reason for not going there again. We have seen also, recently, seven car-loads of people wait at Suspension Bridge, the greater part all the time in their seats, for half an hour of a fine autumn afternoon, but two of the whole number, and these men, taking the trouble to step the length of the train ahead, where, instead of the gloom of the station-house, there was a view that would repay a voyage across the Atlantic. To be sure, the greater number had been over the road, and had seen it before, from the car-windows, as they passed the bridge. Not one in a hundred of the women who can command a carriage in the Central Park has ever been in the Ramble; not one in a thousand has cared to walk in it twice. This lack of interest in nature is not often found in Europe except among the lowest peasantry. The vulgarest Englishwomen make at least an effort to appear superior to it, and they cannot do this without benefiting their children. At places of resort in Great Britain and Germany which may be compared with that we have referred to, go where we would, within a good half-day's walk, we have always found scores of women and girls, many of them showing by their attitude and occupation that they were not only really enjoying but studying nature with earnestness and deliberation. If there is such a defect, and it is growing upon us, how is it to be accounted for? We are inclined to think that the too exclusively indoor life, with intervals of church, lecture-room, and street, to which the better part of our women have been hitherto led, tends to disqualify them for observing truly, and consequently for enjoying, the beauty of nature on a large scale. With constant training of his faculties, no artist feels that he can appreciate or fully enjoy a landscape the first time or the first hour that he looks upon it.

Our American homes are, in some respects, the best for women in the world, but they are far from faultless, and they do not, in all respects, compare favorably, class for class, with those of the Old Country; and the weakest point of our suburban and rural homes is their lack of open-air family apartments, adapted to the climate and other conditions of our country—pieces of ground designed not so much to form pretty pictures from the windows, and thus add to our wall decorations, or from the street, and thus add to our cheap and showy house-fronts, but to be enjoyed from their own interior; to be occupied and lived in as an integral part of the home, as the grounds of Old-Country homes so much more commonly are. In suburban building-lots of the ordinary dimensions, the space between the building line, established by a good custom, if not by law, and the street is not often a suitable one to be used for this purpose, while the limited space in the rear of the house is commonly required for other necessary purposes. Mr. Scott urges that building-lots should generally be laid off twice the depth they usually are; but his plans are adapted to the customary conditions, and the question of attempting to secure family privacy out of doors by means of close plantations, under these artificial conditions, may, as we have already admitted, be considered as an open one. We simply protest against the principle involved in his argument. His work is intended and adapted to have a large influence in cultivating out-of-door habits and a love of nature, and the apparently unqualified support given in such passages as we have cited of a common prejudice against out-of-door domestic privacy is the more to be regretted.

In the second part, some seven hundred species and varieties of trees



and shrubs are enumerated, and, as far as practicable, their landscape qualities indicated. The report made in regard to many of the acquisitions of the last twenty years is the best that we have seen; and it is gratifying to observe that, in numerous instances, it is based on observations of specimens found in our public grounds. In regard to many novelties, the mature character of which in this climate cannot be known for some years to come, we are glad to notice a commendable and unusual caution observed. The foliage of many of the new conifers, which is most attractive while they are in the sapling stage, changes character so greatly when they begin to bear seed, as to render them quite valueless for home plantations. With regard to shrubs, Mr. Scott truly says that if half a dozen of the commonest of the old kinds are thrown out of the long and bewildering series named in the catalogues of the great foreign nurseries, we shall find it difficult to select as many that will be their equals in beauty of form, foliage, or bloom. But it should be known also that, notwithstanding the number of high-priced and far-fetched novelties now offered, for some of the bushes that are of the highest value for landscape planting, we shall ask both our own and the foreign dealers in vain. We must look them up, as Mr. Scott shows that he has done, in our woodland pastures and along our neglected roadsides.

Of each part of Mr. Scott's work it may be said that it is the most valuable of its class that has been published in America since Mr. Downing's "Landscape Gardening."

### SOME NEBULOUS PROCEEDINGS.\*

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science is among the best supported of our scientific societies, being not only the largest in numbers, but one of the very few able to publish an annual volume of proceedings with the current contributions of its members. Founded in 1848, it bore upon its rolls nearly all the names most illustrious in American science. It was the chosen assembly before which the highest problems of science were discussed, and to which such men as Agassiz, Bache, Henry, Peirce, and Silliman communicated their choicest investigations. At first, membership was, we believe, somewhat select, being confined to the ranks of the known cultivators of science and learning. For several years respectability, if not eminence, in some branch of knowledge continued to be a condition of membership. But the standard then began to be lowered, and, as every batch of new members admitted had a voice in subsequent elections, it continued to drop, until nothing was required but social respectability. We are not sure but that even this requirement is now abandoned in favor of willingness to pay the admission-fee.

We do not object to any of these steps, except the last. The number who, by properly combined effort, can do something for the advancement of knowledge is very great. Nor do we think such an association has anything to fear from the introduction of men of high character sufficiently intelligent and educated to appreciate a scientific discussion. There are few speakers to whom a large audience is not more attractive than a small one, and a certain attendance is necessary to give a meeting that social interest which forms one of its chief attractions. But there is a class who form the pest of all our scientific associations, and, indeed, of every learned society the world over which does not sit with closed doors, and who ought to be rigidly excluded. We refer to a class of sciolists, who, possessing no knowledge of the facts or principles of science, or the methods of scientific investigation, except what they have picked up from antiquated school-books, are yet anxious to gain a temporary notoriety by reading long papers before the Association. They form a not uninteresting study in human nature. The subjects to which they seem to take naturally are the nebular hypothesis and the constitution of the ethereal medium. They are never known to observe any fact in the realm of nature, or to attempt an investigation of any natural law. Their Pegasus stoops not to such drudgery. His fields are the celestial spaces, where he disports, untrammelled, amid ether, atoms, and nebulae. In spite of every precaution, the Association frequently finds itself compelled, through courtesy, to listen to the lucubrations of these charlatans. Fortunately, one of the rules requires the printing only of such papers as are approved by the "standing committee," and no notice, "even by title," is taken of papers not approved. By this rule the lucubrations in question have hitherto been kept from circulating beyond the limits of the local newspaper, and the society has not been compromised. But we now find,

from the volume before us, that every rule has become insufficient to prevent the publication of a mass of matter most discreditable to the Association.

After a couple of very short papers, we meet Mr. Jacob Ennis with "The Discovery of the Force which originally imparted all their Motions to all the Stars." His periods are smoothly rounded, but we have searched in vain for anything like a "discovery." We find only a commonplace account of many things, possible and impossible, which he thinks might have happened while the universe was condensing from a supposed nebulous mass, not one of which can be proved. A regard for Mr. Ennis's reputation for intelligence and sanity prevents our making illustrative quotations from his paper. In all, thirty-four pages are occupied by Mr. Ennis and Mr. L. Bradley with baseless speculation about "Matter and Force," "Ether," "Nebula," "Motion," "Nebular Rotation," etc., without advancing a fact, principle, or idea of interest to any seeker after knowledge. When we reached "Aurora Borealis," by L. Bradley, we hoped for something better, because the spectroscope has shown that the aurora must be something more than electricity moving through rarified air, as was formerly supposed. But, far from being able to throw any light on the question, Mr. Bradley does not seem acquainted with the existence of spectroscopic observations, and the most important thing he does is to collect a few of the older and more doubtful suppositions, at second-hand, to support an untenable theory of his own. When the scientific investigator has to deal with forces, he is under the disagreeable restriction of allowing them to act only in accordance with their own laws, while the writers referred to have the happy faculty of making them do anything that may be required. Thus, Mr. H. F. Walling not only ignores the law demonstrated by Newton, that a solid body cannot be formed by gravitation between its particles, but dispenses with impenetrability and repulsion as properties of matter, making gravitation do everything!

For vacuous writing and independence of grammar the palm must be awarded to Mr. S. J. Wallace's paper on "Elasticity as a Feature in Physics," unless, as we suspect, Mr. Wallace be some humorist who has been hoaxing the learned body, with the aid of a technical dictionary. His division of springs into "fluent springs" and "compress springs" gives color to this suspicion, as every one knows that such puns are not knowingly admitted into the transactions of learned societies. We can hardly imagine a more earthly subject than elasticity in ordinary bands. But it carries Mr. Wallace through the ether at a rate that leaves Ennis and Bradley behind. For example:

"In Vacuity. There are two forces, gravity and radiance, which pass the interstellar space with forcible fulness and variety. Their passage is by far the most rapid of known actions, and shows no change of directions, and no loss or change of kind, of the forces, and other clear facts. These give important elements of the problem. They require of vacuity the highest possible condition of substance for conveying force with rapidity and purity: the free motion of a body in space, the most pure transmission of force; and there is no known limit to its possible speed through vacancy. But, as the interstellar space contains continuous actions in an infinitude of directions, there must be interminable interferences. This becomes a feature of the problem, and requires a review of the essential and potential terms involved."

He concludes a dozen such flights by alighting on the earth in this tame fashion:

"Conclusion. If gravity and its congeners—adhesion, cohesion, mass-motion, and, perhaps, others—as principals, and the other forces as secondaries, all interchangeable, with different degrees of facility, hold masses of matter together, or in particular states, by constant action, as reviewed in these statements and suppositions; then we have a basis for the theory of elastic action, but requiring yet the laws to be developed and discovered."

Nearly half that part of the volume devoted to physical science is taken up with the matter we have reviewed. When we pronounce it discreditable to American science, it must not be supposed that we are measuring it by a high standard. Not one of the papers referred to can, from the most liberal standpoint, be regarded as a contribution to any department of knowledge. In no respect do they rise above the average standard of a village lyceum, except, possibly, in smoothness of diction and fertility of imagination; and here they can be outdone by the productions of any respectable trance medium. We hope the leading members of the Association will do something to prevent its falling into the public contempt which inevitably awaits it if the standard of its proceedings continues as low as is indicated by the present volume.

*Lectures on the Study and Practice of the Law.* By Emory Washburn, LL.D., Bussey Professor of Law, (Boston: Little & Brown, 1871.)—Mr. Washburn's object is not to show from books what legal learning is so much as to offer hints upon its acquisition and practical use, derived

\* "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Nineteenth meeting, held at Troy, N. Y., August, 1870." Cambridge: Published by Joseph Lovering. 1871.

from his own experience and observation. He aims at something more useful than a manual of reading or an essay on professional ethics. And he gains his end, without formal didactics, in illustrating the routine of a young lawyer's everyday work, point by point, by the principle and self-respect that ought to inspire it. The fact of speaking literally *ex cathedra* perhaps disinclines the author to press earnestly the advantages of schools as a means of legal training. There may be deeper reasons, drawn from historic analogy, than any he suggests, why the usage of ancient states in that respect should become general among us. Since the days of Rome, even after the Republic, there has been no country in which lawyers took the lead in public affairs as they do in ours, and therefore none in which their complete education is so peculiarly a matter of concern for the state. England, with her sharp division of the profession into classes, knows nothing of law-schools. In Germany, the necessary preparatory course at a gymnasium ensures the mental discipline which so many students of law on entering our schools want. But any one who considers the headlong haste with which young Americans rush into active life, and their utterly false and foolish theories of the honor due to "self-educated" men, must admit their vital need of institutions that will give them definite and comprehensive ideas of legal science, and a just estimate of their own powers as compared with those of others. Besides, the misleading attractions of political life for our young lawyers do not need to be heightened by contrast with the dullness and narrowness of solitary reading or office-training.

Teaching how to study, and what to study, is the chief use of a law-school, and of these topics the lecturer's treatment is full, apt, and direct. Instead of prescribing the catalogue of a library, he shows the pupil how to choose one for himself, and use it with judgment when chosen. After the sound advice to buy all the best books possible before anything else, he leads the young practitioner carefully, with encouragement and warning at every step, through all the variety of work in court and office to which the early years are likely to call him. His precepts for the practice are directed exactly to the points in which a beginner most needs the light of experience, and the illustrative anecdotes are pertinent and new. He inculcates a just contempt for mere fluency, enforcing the effectiveness with juries of logic, plain statement, even temper, and fair dealing. And he dwells encouragingly on the assured results, from constant habit, of confidence, facility, and even a fair degree of oratorical power. Of course, the occasion is not lost for condemning caucus-made judges, and simplifying codes, with their sixty attendant volumes of practice reports. The chapters on the examination of witnesses are full of practical counsel, especially in regard to the testimony of experts, of whose fallibility the attentive reader of New York cases will recall some strange instances. But we confess surprise at the statement, which will hardly command general assent, that intelligent women make the best witnesses, although the sex in New England may possibly be "privileged beyond the common walk of life" in respect to unprejudiced accuracy.

Most clever youths loftily accept the sheepskin from our colleges with a conviction that the world is waiting for them, and they have only to step into their place. These lectures, if they fail to teach modesty beforehand, will soften the shock of disappointment on learning that the business world cares nothing for diplomas, and will keep their owners waiting long years for the proof of their qualities. They will show how patience may be well employed, and the first steps to success wisely taken. Even the greater part of practitioners, if not too old to unlearn, may gain from them useful hints as to conduct. If the high standard this volume holds up is closely copied, the legal profession in America will not need to wait a generation for the recovery of its ancient prestige and influence.

*Behind the Veil.* By the Author of "Six Months Hence." (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.)—In spite of its melodramatic title, and a certain amount of melodrama in the action, with a mysterious murder in Australia, and consequent suspicions and complications, this is an interesting novel. And just those parts are best for which the author apologizes. The simplicity and charm of the family life, the attractiveness of the girls, the manliness of the boys, in short, the whole account of this simple, domestic, innocent household is much more entertaining, because evidently drawn from the life, than the unravelling of mysterious murders in the bush of Australia. The love passages are not particularly well done. The lovers misunderstand one another persistently, and nearly die of broken hearts when a single word would have set all right, in a way that people in the flesh can seldom be accused of doing. This is more especially true of the younger sister and Mr. Beresford. There was some excuse for the

others. As for the men, we think we can recognize in the way in which they are described a woman's hand, in spite of the use of "he" and "him" in the preface. The astounding declaration of love on page 83 was never written by a man, or, if it was, he is very simple. Mr. Beresford and Noel have such curious arrogance in their manners, such a way of pretentious bullying towards the poor women, who seem awe-struck by their mysteriousness—they are, in short, so much less well drawn than the two girls—that there can be but little doubt on the subject. But be that as it may, the novel on the whole is worth reading, more, perhaps, from what it promises than from what it gives us. If the writer will not search heaven and earth for horrors, but will record the calmer scenes of life with which she is more familiar, she will be able to give us very readable novels. There are, too, faults of style which it would be well to avoid. For instance: "A solitary figure moving along the track, carrying something. Time enough to observe what, dusk as it is; for the burden is heavy, and the motion slow in proportion," etc. This is too much like Walt Whitman to be commended.

*The Last Knight.* A Romance Garland. From the German of Anastasius Grün. Translated, with notes, by John O. Sargent. (New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1871.)—There is something about poetical translations of second-rate books which demands the indulgence of the critic. They hardly make any further claim than that of exhibiting a certain amount of leisure and dexterity with the pen on the part of the translator; and in this case the analogy which is pointed out between the change in Germany during the last year and the subject of this poem is extremely vague, hardly strong enough to tempt the most ardent admirer of German principles. Then, too, a poem of remote wars, written in the enthusiasm of the year 1830, by an author who is said to belong to the school of Heine, but who shows unmistakably that Heine's fame as a poet will outlast that as a teacher, and translated with such an occasional lack of the true poetic fire as is shown in the following lines:

"By his bedside Convalescence, the beautiful matron, stood,  
Kissed him on the cheek and forehead, and staunch'd the flowing blood.  
Without, a harp once sounded in the evening twilight dim,  
And thus the winds of the Occident wafted the song to him:  
'From many an arrow woman the heart of the loved one shields,  
And but when the storm is over the flood of suffering yields;  
So the hero beckons his army where danger and glory be,  
Before they bandage his wounds with the banners of victory!'"

such a poem, we say, needs no earnest denunciations against indiscreet admiration. The public is unwilling enough of itself to be taught history when it demands amusement, and it is always cold enough about the best translations to avoid those which are of inferior importance. This translation is accurate; and if it is often unpoetical, that is as much the fault of Grün as of the translator. German is a language in which it is so easy to write poetry that is poor, but yet bears a strong resemblance in form to really good poetry, that the original has a certain likeness in the simplicity of its words and constructions to what Heine did so much towards introducing into German poetry. But that is only the husk; the poem lacks interest, wit, and, in a word, poetry. For the printing, we can praise the publishers. In this respect, the original is surpassed. That, however, is no eulogy; let us rather say that this is really a very handsome book.

*Cameos from English History.* The Wars in France. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Second Series. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. 12mo, pp. 415.)—Miss Yonge, in transferring her energies from fiction to history, has carried with her at least one most serviceable quality from her former field of labor. She tells a story remarkably well; and inasmuch as it is from a well-told story that the spirit and manners of an age can be best learned, she has produced a book—a series of stories—from which one can derive a very vivid and accurate idea of the times. Her intention was to bring the work down to the close of the Middle Ages; but her materials so grew upon her hands that the volume covers only the period of the "Hundred Years' Wars"—the last "cameo" being the "Congress of Arras," in 1435. The title *cameo* is rather a misnomer. It would lead us to expect a series of independent and almost disconnected sketches; whereas, in point of fact, they form a tolerably consecutive narration, with many digressions and episodes, to be sure, but on the whole giving a quite complete history of these wars. The titles of the several "cameos" are attractive and suggestive, if sometimes a little over-romantic, but the chapters are rarely confined to the subject thus indicated, which is only the principal or most interesting topic treated; indeed, in the Table of Contents, each has a date covering something of a period (as "Death of Du Guesclin, 1377-1380"), so as to show that the chapter is really a history of those years.

One must be fresh from all Miss Yonge's special studies to criticise the



accuracy of these multitudinous details. So far as we have examined, her work appears to have been the result of conscientious industry. It is no discredit to any one to confound the several Burgundys that puzzle the student of mediæval history; but it may be worth while to notice that (on p. 3) Artois came into the hands not of the *Duchess*, but the *Countess* of Burgundy. That is, the Countess Mahault (Matilda) married the ruler of the county (*Franch Comté*), of Burgundy, which had nothing to do with the *Duchy* of Burgundy, but was a part of the empire, as the Duchy was a fief of the French crown. This marriage united under one rule the two widely separated counties of Artois and Burgundy; her grand-daughter, their heiress, married Louis, Count of Flanders—the one against whom James van (not *von*) Artevelde revolted, and who was killed at Cressy; thus was formed that group of provinces, Flanders, Artois, and Franche Comté, which passed to the *Ducal* House of Burgundy by the marriage of their heiress to Philip the Bold.

## Fine Arts.

### MUSIC.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON'S CONCERTS.

THERE are doubtless very few of our readers who have not at some time heard of Mrs. Charles Moulton. No amateur has made herself so widely or so favorably known. Even while she was still Miss Lillie Greenough, and before she had passed her teens, she was the delight and wonder of many a musical party, both in Cambridge, Boston, and New York. When she went abroad, her studies in this art were taken up with new vigor. Stories of her triumphs, social as well as artistic, were constantly floating about in society. She had become the *protégée* and friend of the great composers; Rossini and Auber had set the seals of their commendation upon her. She was the companion of an Empress; walked with her, dined with her, skated with her. She was the intimate of princes, and the Emperor of the French never tired of paying her attention.

It is not to be wondered at that, when she came back to this country, society hastened to pay homage to talents so conspicuously honored. Nor is it matter of surprise that one who had used her gifts with such effect before so many private audiences, should desire to step upon a broader stage, and strive for wider and more varied conquest. Of course, an *impresario* was not long wanting who was willing to guaranty the lady a sum that the most renowned prima donna might be glad to command.

Accordingly, on Monday evening of last week, Mrs. Moulton commenced her professional career. Society, of course, followed her from the drawing-room to the concert hall. Three concerts and a matinee were given in the course of the week, and at all of them the culture, intelligence, and refinement of the city were largely represented. Not only had the singer a multitude of personal friends, but the report of her talents was widespread, and a natural interest was excited in many, who did not know her personally, to hear the famous amateur of whom so many marvellous things had been said, who, it was prophesied, would lend new lustre to American art, and take her place among the foremost singers of the world. Indeed, the programme announced her in anticipation as "America's most gifted songstress," and the pamphlet published in her honor asserts that

"Mrs. Moulton unites to a voice of extreme sweetness a soul of fire, and, at the same time, an extreme tenderness and sensibility. She phrases like a master, and she pronounces every language in which she sings so perfectly that we cannot discover her own nationality. Add to all this the most exquisite amiability, the most charming grace, the refinement and grace that are patrician, and the wit of a Parisian, and you will have a feeble outline of the ravishing queen of society whom they call Madame Moulton."

The four concerts of last week furnished a sufficient opportunity to test the accuracy of this somewhat glowing description and to determine the place that Mrs. Moulton will be likely to hold in general critical estimation.

The first thought that probably came into the minds of many of those who then heard Mrs. Moulton for the first time was in regard to the reposeful character of her art. Whoever looked for startling effects was disappointed. That is not the direction in which nature has endowed her. Her effects are quietly produced, and are the results of purity of voice and perfection of method, and not of any phenomenal range or power. Those who look to be astonished by either wealth of voice or intensity of method will look in vain. Mrs. Moulton's art must be enjoyed by giving one's self up in a quiet spirit to the appreciation of beautiful tones beautifully produced. Every phrase will then be found to be charmingly sung, and every passage, however intricate, perfectly vocalized. Work, however, of such fineness is not of the kind that commands most fully popular applause, and we doubt very much whether Mrs. Moulton will be found to possess the quality of talent that most surely excites the enthusiasm of the public. Her voice is neither large, nor powerful, nor vibratory, nor of great compass and extent, and her style is not dramatic. There is nothing electric in her singing, nothing vivid in the color that she gives to the music. Her own manner is calm and dispassionate, and she fails to quicken the pulse of her hearers or to excite any other emotion than that of contentment at the perfection of the art.

We recognize in Mrs. Moulton a voice of delicious softness, rich and warm in its quality—though her singing is not warm—flexible, and under perfect training. She possesses, also, the capacity of singing with *demi-voix* more perfectly than any other person we have ever heard, together with true intonation and personal characteristics that are in her favor. But, on the other hand, her style, though a highly cultivated one, does not seem to us in the highest sense artistic. That art is only truly noble which subdues the personality of the singer to itself, and puts the sentiment of the music first in importance, the vocalism second, the artist last.

We also find Mrs. Moulton, as an artist, lacking in earnestness of purpose. Miss Wynne, a much inferior singer so far as natural endowments were concerned, through the possession of this quality impresses herself far more strongly upon her audience. Hearing the two singers at the same hall on consecutive evenings, the difference in effect upon their audiences of their ballad-singing could not fail to be remarked. The latter seemed to forget herself, and to desire to impress only her musical thought upon the listeners, the latter to interpose herself between the song and the audience.

Mrs. Moulton is, undoubtedly, a very perfect parlor singer, but her capacities do not seem to have expanded themselves as yet to the limits of the concert-room, and, unless her art deepens and broadens itself, we greatly doubt whether she will meet with those triumphs that her friends have so confidently predicted for her.

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